PAIN STOP!

Inviting your attention to the following sTatement of facts, and asking that you Inform yourself as to the reliability of thiS company and its various remedies we shall Seek to convince you that you cannot Expend your money for a better, safer And more certain line of home remedieS than those offered by us. Particularly just nOw, when colds are prevalent and the Neuralgic fiend is playing the deuce in All possible forms, when rheumatism, and its Batch of attendant evils is abroad, doing its Level best to destroy your happiness and Enjoyment we improve the occasion by calling to your mind the fact that

KILBOURNE'S PAIN STOP

cures both internal and external pains—and still it does not contain one single grain of any opiate. So small is the dose, however, that it stands unequaled in cheapness, as unapproached in its peculiar and certain effects—it is the hot drop without a peer, and best of all pain cures, and without a doubt the safest remedy of the kind offered in any form.

PAIN STOP

is what its name indicates, and is sold for 25 and 50 cents. See that the round, green and yellow seal of Auburn Drug and Chemical Company is found upon every package. No other is genuine.

AUGUSTA SAVINGS BANK,

ORGANIZED IN 1848.

Assets, Feb. 1, 1890, $5,341,445.77.
Surplus, $350,000.

TRUSTEES—Wm. S. Badger, Thomas Lambard, Artemas Libbey, Samuel Titcomb, J. H. Manley.

Deposits received and placed on interest the first day of every month.

Interest paid or credited in account on the first Wednesday of February and August.

Deposits are exempt by law from all taxes, and accounts are strictly confidential.

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American Farm Law.

A work that every Farmer, Business Man, Board of Select Men, Town Clerk, Justice of the Peace and Trial Justice in the State should have. Compiled in the simplest manner by HENRY AUSTIN, Esq., of Boston, Mass., member of the Suffolk Bar. Second edition, 256 pages. A limited number of copies of this useful work for sale at the office of the *Maine Farmer*. Sent by mail postpaid to any address for TWO DOLLARS per copy. This work is highly recommended by the Press throughout the country. We take pleasure in recommending it to our subscribers, and to all others in need of such a work.

BADGER & MANLEY,
Propr's Maine Farmer, Augusta.

$75.00 to $250.00 A MONTH can be made working for us. Persons preferred who can furnish a horse and give their whole time to the business. Spare moments may be profitably employed also. A few vacancies in towns and cities. B. F. JOHNSON & CO., 1009 Main St., Richmond, Va. 22t14

Sheriff's Sale.

KENNEBEC SS.—Taken on execution, wherein the Granite National Bank of Augusta, in the county of Kennebec, is creditor, and Samuel B. Glazier of Hallowell, in said county, is debtor, and will be sold by public auction, on Saturday, the thirtieth day of August, A. D. 1890, at two o'clock in the afternoon, at the office of Anson M. Goddard, in Augusta, in said county, the following described real estate, and all the right, title and interest which the said Samuel B. Glazier had in and to the same on the first day of October, A. D. 1889, the time when the same was attached on the original writ, to wit:

Three lots or parcels of land, situated in Gardiner, in said county, on the river road, below Gardiner Village, numbered respectively 18, 19 and 20, on a plan of the Cobbosseecontee tract made by Solomon Adams, December 30th, 1808, each of said lots being about twelve rods in width on the river, and extending back westerly about sixty-nine rods, holding the same width to land of heirs of the late Robert H. Gardiner, each lot containing about five acres, and being the same described in deeds, and recorded in the Kennebec Registry of Deeds, Books 177, 197 and 203, pages 290, 233 and 503.

WM. H. LIBBY, Deputy Sheriff.
July 23, 1890. 3t37

Sheriff's Sale.

KENNEBEC SS.—Taken by virtue of an execution in favor of the Granite National Bank of Augusta, in the county of Kennebec, and against Samuel B. Glazier of Hallowell, in said county, and unless sooner redeemed, will be sold by public auction at the office of Anson M. Goddard, in Augusta, in said county, on Saturday, the 30th day of August, A. D. 1890, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, six shares in the capital stock of the Kennebec and Boothbay Steamboat Company, embraced in certificate number 10.

WM. H. LIBBY, Deputy Sheriff.
July 23, 1890. 3t37

KENNEBEC COUNTY.... *In Probate Court, at Augusta, on the second Monday of July, 1890.*

A CERTAIN INSTRUMENT, purporting to be the last will and testament of MOSES S. MOULTON, late of Augusta, in said county, deceased, having been presented for probate:

ORDERED, That notice thereof be given three weeks successively prior to the second Monday of August next, in the Maine Farmer, a newspaper printed in Augusta that all persons interested may attend at a Court of Probate then to be holden at Augusta, and show cause, if any, why the said instrument should not be proved, approved and allowed, as the last will and testament of the said deceased. H. S. WEBSTER, Judge.
Attest: HOWARD OWEN, Register. 37*

State of Maine.

KENNEBEC COUNTY.... *In Probate Court holden at Augusta, within and for the county of Kennebec, on the second Monday of July, 1890.*

A CERTAIN INSTRUMENT, purporting to be a copy of the last will and testament of OZIAS BAILEY, late of Methuen, Mass., deceased, and of the probate thereof in said State duly authenticated, having been presented to the Judge of our said County, for the purpose of being allowed, filed and recorded in the Probate Court therein; and letters of administration with will annexed issued:

ORDERED, That notice thereof be given three weeks successively prior to the fourth Monday of August next, in the Maine Farmer, a newspaper printed in Augusta, in said county, the first publication to be thirty days before the time of hearing, that all persons interested may attend at a Court of Probate then to be holden at said Augusta, at 9 o'clock A. M., and show cause, if any they have, against the same. H. S. WEBSTER, Judge.
Attest: HOWARD OWEN, Register. 38*

KENNEBEC COUNTY.... *In Probate Court, held at Augusta, on the second Monday of July, 1890.*

On application for Commissioners to assign widow's dower in the estate of Hamilton J. Ridley, late of Wayne, deceased:

ORDERED, That notice thereof be given three weeks successively prior to the second Monday of August next, in the Maine Farmer, a newspaper printed in Augusta, that all persons interested may attend at a Probate Court then to be holden at Augusta, and show cause, if any, why the prayer of said petition should not be granted.
H. S. WEBSTER, Judge.
Attest: HOWARD OWEN, Register. 38*

KENNEBEC COUNTY.... *In Probate Court at Augusta, on the second Monday of July, 1890.*

A CERTAIN INSTRUMENT, purporting to be the last will and testament of JOHN E. CROSSMAN, late of China, in said county, deceased, having been presented for probate:

ORDERED, That notice thereof be given three weeks successively prior to the second Monday of August next, in the Maine Farmer, a newspaper printed in Augusta, that all persons interested may attend at a Probate Court then to be holden at Augusta, and show cause, if any, why the said instrument should not be proved, approved and allowed, as the last will and testament of the said deceased. H. S. WEBSTER, Judge.
Attest: HOWARD OWEN, Register. 38*

KENNEBEC COUNTY.... *In Probate Court, held at Augusta, on the second Monday of July, 1890.*

GEO. A. PRESCOTT, Administrator on the estate of NELLIE P. WEBSTER, late of Augusta, in said county, deceased, having presented his first account of administration of said estate for allowance:

ORDERED, That notice thereof be given three weeks successively prior to the second Monday of August next, in the Maine Farmer, a newspaper printed in Augusta, that all persons interested may attend at a Probate Court then to be held at Augusta, and show cause, if any, why the same should not be allowed. H. S. WEBSTER, Judge.
Attest: HOWARD OWEN, Register. 38*

KENNEBEC COUNTY.... *In Probate Court at Augusta, on the second Monday of July, 1890.*

R. C. NORRIS, Administrator on the estate of ICHABOD C. NORRIS, late of Wayne, in said county, deceased, having presented his first account of administration of said estate for allowance:

ORDERED, That notice thereof be given three weeks successively prior to the second Monday of August next, in the Maine Farmer, a newspaper printed in Augusta, that all persons interested may attend at a Court of Probate then to be holden at Augusta, and show cause, if any, why the same should not be allowed. H. S. WEBSTER, Judge.
Attest: HOWARD OWEN, Register. 38*

KENNEBEC COUNTY.... *In Probate Court, at Augusta, on the second Monday of July, 1890.*

A CERTAIN INSTRUMENT, purporting to be the last will and testament of JOSEPH MITCHELL, late of Waterville, in said county, deceased, having been presented for probate:

ORDERED, That notice thereof be given three weeks successively prior to the second Monday of August next, in the Maine Farmer, a newspaper printed in Augusta, that all persons interested may attend at a Probate Court then to be held at Augusta, and show cause, if any, why the said instrument should not be proved, approved and allowed, as the last will and testament of the said deceased.
H. S. WEBSTER, Judge.
Attest: HOWARD OWEN, Register. 38*

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, That the subscriber has been duly appointed Executor of the last will and testament of G. S. STORER, late of Windsor, in the county of Kennebec, deceased, testate, and has undertaken that trust by giving bond as the law directs: All persons, therefore, having demands against the estate of said deceased, are desired to exhibit the same for settlement; and all indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate payment to GEO. F. REED.
July 14, 1890. 38*

THE MAINE FARMER,

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY, BY

BADGER & MANLEY.

OFFICE: WILLIAMS BLOCK, WATER STREET, Within two doors of the Bridge.

TERMS: $2 Per Annum, in Advance.

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Maine Farmer.

AGRICULTURE, MECHANIC ARTS, LITERATURE, NEWS, &c.

BADGER & MANLEY, Publishers and Proprietors. "OUR HOME, OUR COUNTRY, AND OUR BROTHER MAN." TERMS: Two Dollars per annum, in Advance.

VOL. LVIII. AUGUSTA, MAINE, THURSDAY, AUGUST 7, 1890. No. 39.

Maine Farmer.

Fairs to Occur.

Androscoggin County Agricultural Society—At Livermore Falls, Aug. 26th, 27th, 28th.

Hancock County Agricultural Society—At Bluehill, September 24, 25.

Grange—Kennebunk, Sept. 17th.

Cumberland County Agricultural Society—At Gorham, Sept. 2d, 3d and 4th.

Eastern Maine State Fair—At Bangor, Sept. 2d, 3d, 4th and 5th.

East Eddington Farmers' Club—At East Eddington, Sept. 24th and 25th.

Franklin County Agricultural Society—At Franklin Park, Farmington, Sept. 30th, Oct. 1st and 2d.

Gray Park Association—At Gray Corner, Aug. 26, 27 and 28.

Kennebec County Agricultural Society—At Readfield, Sept. 23d, 24th and 25th.

Kennebec Valley Farmers and Stock Breeders' Association—At Morrill's Corner, W. Gardiner, Sept. 16th, 17th and 18th.

Lincoln Agricultural and Horticultural Society—At Damariscotta, Sept. 23d, 24th, 25th and 26th.

Maine State Fair—At Lewiston, Sept. 8th, 10th, 11th and 12th.

North Washington Agricultural Society—At Lake Park, Princeton, Sept. 30th, and Oct. 1st and 2d.

North Aroostook Agricultural Society—At Presque Isle, Sept. 16, 17 and 18.

Oxford County Agricultural Society—At the grounds between South Paris and Norway, Sept. 16th, 17th and 18th.

Ossipee Valley Union Agricultural Society—At Cornish, Sept. 4th 5th and 6th.

Oxford Agricultural Society—At Town Hall, Lovell, Sept. 30th, Oct. 1st and 2d.

North Kennebec Agricultural Society—At South Windsor, Sept. 30th and Oct. 1st and 2d.

Sagadahoc Agricultural and Horticultural Society—At Topsham, Oct 14th, 15th and 16th.

Somerset Central—Skowhegan, Sept. 16th, 17th and 18th.

Scarboro and Cape Elizabeth Farmers' Association—At Pleasant Hill, Scarboro, Sept. 16th and 17th.

West Washington Agricultural Society—At Cherryfield, Sept. 17th and 18th.

Waldo County Agricultural Society—At Belfast, Sept. 23d and 24th.

West Penobscot Agricultural Society—At Exeter, Sept. 30th and Oct. 1st and 2d.

West Oxford Agricultural Society—At Fryeburg, Sept. 23d, 24th and 25th.

Waldo and Penobscot Agricultural Society—Monroe, Sept. 23d, 24th and 25th.

York County Agricultural Society—At Saco, Sept. 10th, 11th and 12th.

There is not a stroke of printers' ink on record in the State, outside the newspapers, to show that we have a State Fair at all, though the State gives a thousand dollars a year towards its support, and the people contribute some twenty thousand more.

The issue is not solid color, (in the Jersey) vs. butter, says a writer in the *Jersey Bulletin*, but solid color vs. broken color. Color has nothing whatever to do with butter capacity, therefore it follows that they may be bred in the same animal as well as only one of these desirable qualities. The point is well made, for fancy gives the solid color a superior value.

Is it so? A pungent writer, who has a keen eye to the way things are done, says: "The wire-pullers can usually get enough aid from the farmers themselves to down any practical movement in behalf of agriculture; and a farmer Legislature is more perfectly wax in the hands of a shrewd lobby than any other convocation extant." This is a deliberate statement for Grangers and all intelligent farmers to think about.

It is not profitable to be crowded for storage room at the barn. The extra cost of packing more hay and grain into a barn than there is convenient room for, is far greater many times, than the cost of maintaining additional buildings for its storage. Storage barns need not be costly, either in construction or maintenance, while the extra labor of three or four men, and the extra time required in packing bulky fodder into small compass, is of no small account.

Dr. Hoskins of Newport, Vermont, asks us to say that he has recently discovered that when cutting a number of Fameuse scions last spring for some friends in Norway, he was mistaken in a tree from which a part of them were taken. So a part of the scions sent as F. Sucree, are the genuine Fameuse. And he says that in the spring he will gladly send them all a fresh lot of scions, as he cannot tell who it was who got the wrong ones, if they will forward to him their address. Such an exhibition of honesty of purpose is deserving of encouragement as well as publicity, so we gladly make the announcement.

The recent rains give the pastures a fresh start, yet where they were stocked up to their capacity in the early part of the season they will hardly from this time forward, furnish a full supply of feed. All profit comes from the stock having plenty to eat at all times. So whatever the pastures fail in supplying should be furnished from some other source. A good motto to practice up to is to never let an animal fail of doing its best for want of food. A mow of good hay isn't a bad resort for this purpose. If the stock is good for anything they will pay more for the hay than the market will. The value of good hay for feeding is not generally appreciated.

This is about what the farmers want and nothing different—equitable valuation and taxation according to property. A correspondent of the *New England Farmer* writes: "I have been an assessor in my town about a dozen years. It is a town which has a flourishing business centre, with quite an amount of outlying farm territory. The village shows an increase of valuation every year, while many of the farms cannot be sold for as much as they could fifteen or twenty years ago. Having been continued in office so long, it has been an established policy with our board of assessors to reduce the farm valuation each year an amount very nearly equal to what the village valuation has increased; therefore while the total shows a little increase each year, the figures may be relied upon as accurate because we are not building up a big valuation at the expense of depreciating or overtaxed farms; the farmers' share of the tax is also continually growing less.

Bulletin 37 of the Massachusetts Station, just issued, records experiments in the feeding of lambs in winter for the meat market. So far as we recall, this is the first attempt of the kind by any of our New England stations. The lot consisted of five Hampshire Downs and one Merino, grades. The feed was made up of rowen, corn ensilage and gluten meal, corn meal and bran, the grain ration being varied between two lots for experimental purposes. The lots were fed 182 and 194 days respectively. The following financial statement does not place the business in great favor:

DIVISION I.

	1.	2.	3.	
Cost of lamb	$4.10	$3.41	$3.62	$32.85
Cost of feed consumed	4.53	3.11	4.08	
	$8.63	$6.52	$7.70	
Value received for meat	$7.26	$5.94	$6.60	$28.55
Value received for wool and pelt	.98	.99	1.11	
Value of obtainable manure	2.19	1.52	1.96	
	$10.43	$8.45	$9.67	

DIVISION II.

	4.	5.	6.	
Cost of lamb	$3.49	$3.43	$4.08	$22.09
Cost of feed consumed	4.24	3.03	3.82	
	$7.73	$7.46	$7.90	
Value received for meat	$5.94	$5.06	$6.65	$25.17
Value received for wool and pelt	.80	1.11	1.12	
Value of obtainable manure	1.71	1.23	1.55	
	$8.45	$7.40	$9.32	

The Census and the Farmers.

The census enumeration of population in country towns is probably very nearly correct. So far as published, the figures all show the same gradual decline in the population of the rural towns, that was made apparent in the previous decade. This is as was expected by those having opportunities for observation in the farming districts. All over the State, outside of Aroostook county, there has been a gradual, but sure shrinkage in the population of the farming towns, and no doubt the same fact holds true throughout New England. Just how long this can go on in our good farming towns, is a problem on which no one cares to risk an opinion. The present census is showing that the end is not yet.

There are many causes at work in bringing about this depletion of the farming districts of their population. A leading one, but seldom mentioned, is that much less help is now called for in carrying on the work of the farm, than was the case before the advent of machinery. In farming, as in mechanics, a single man with a modern machine, now does the work, or carries on the farm that formerly required the labor of two, and the second man, not being needed, seeks employment, or finds a business elsewhere. With him goes his family, and of course they are lost to the population of the town.

There is a plain tendency towards larger estates among the farmers in the open country. With the present prevailing low prices of the staple products of the farm, the proprietor of a small farm can earn more net money at wages than from his farm. So he leaves for other employment, and the enterprising neighbor buys the farm as an attachment to his own. The low values of farm lands at the present time, greatly multiplies the cases of this kind. The enterprising business farmer extends the borders of his domain, while the town loses a family. This breaking up of homes and change in the ownership of lands, is also seen in cases where buildings are burned, or become unoccupied on account of death. In most cases such farms are broken up, and become a part of adjoining estates. There is no dividing up of farms, and multiplying of homes going on at the present time. The tendency is all the other way. The pride and the glory of New England is in her farm homes, but whether we like it or not, there are less of them each succeeding year.

The census will not necessarily show loss of production in consequence of these changes going on. The desertion of a small farm by its inmates, does not by any means mean its abandonment to production. The present owner, with his machinery and his teams, is conducting what was formerly carried on by two proprietors. The population has shrunk, while the production is kept up.

There are many other causes at work in a lesser degree, to bring about the present shrinkage of population in rural towns, which we do not care to enumerate at the present time. Instead, we wish to raise the question whether any of the influences thus at work against the highest prosperity of the country towns, and through them, the State at large, are beyond the reach of effort to stay their progress. Towns and cities are rightfully and properly solicitous to encourage enterprise and multiply population through the introduction and super-encouragement of manufacturing enterprises. But so far as we now recall, the idea has never occurred that an effort might be successful if it were put forth in holding the country population, and possibly increasing it to still larger numbers. While building up the cities and villages, the country has been overlooked. Is it because the case is beyond the reach of intelligent action? We trust not.

The Dairy and the World's Fair.

The dairymen of the country don't calculate to get left in the matter of a representation of this great interest, at the Columbian Exposition at Chicago, in 1893. In response to a call issued by the President and Secretary of the Illinois State Dairymen's Association, a number of gentlemen prominent in dairy and creamery circles, met in Chicago, July 16th, for the purpose of considering and acting upon the subject of an adequate representation of dairy interests, and to set in motion the machinery necessary to bring about the result. Delegates were represented at the meeting from many of the State dairy associations throughout the country, including the New England Association and the Vermont. An organization was formed, under the name of the Columbian Dairymen's Association, with Gov. W. D. Hoard, President, and R. Lespinasse, Secretary, and with a declared purpose, as above stated. After much careful deliberation, an advisory or executive committee of twenty-one was raised, to take the matter in charge. This committee represented the dairy sections of the entire country, the New England representative being Prof. James Cheesman, Southboro, Mass., the Secretary of the New England Dairymen's Association. This committee was instructed to confer with the several cattle clubs and associations representing dairy cattle, with a view to a co-operation with them in an exhibition of dairy cattle, in connection with other dairy exhibits. The Committee on Resolutions offered the following, which were adopted by the association:

Whereas, The dairy industry of the United States is of such vast magnitude, reaching in annual increment an aggregate of $640,000,000, giving employment to hundreds of thousands, and representing a capital of over $2,000,000,000; and

Whereas, It is of great importance that this vast interest should be adequately represented at the Columbian Exposition of 1893, this convention, representative of dairy organizations, desires to give expression to the following resolution:

Resolved, That the World's Fair Directors be urged to provide buildings suitable for caring for dairy cattle, milk, butter, cheese, and machinery, adequate to keeping working dairies on exhibition each day of the fair, that it may be educational, as well as artistic; and that commissioners be appointed to visit every section of Europe having dairy interests, and solicit exhibits.

A meeting of the Executive Committee was arranged to meet at Chicago, July 30, for initiatory movements in the work in hand, at which Prof. Cheesman was present, to look out for New England interests. Though dairying in New England may not be on so large a scale as in some of the western States, yet it can be shown that in quality of dairy stock, and in all dairy work, we stand in the front ranks, and can show a product fully corresponding with the work.

State Farmers' League.

The State Farmers' League is now fully organized and equipped for work. Haying is generally over and farmers now can give some time and attention to public affairs, and ought to do so. The Farmers' League is directed towards securing a just representation, and treatment of the agricultural interests and a due recognition of farmers in all public affairs, and without conflicting with the best interest of the entire people. If farmers want to stand on the agricultural interests there is now an opportunity to make their influence felt at once, by joining the Leagues and working unitedly for a common cause in the coming election and during the session of the next legislature. There never was a better opportunity for intelligent, well directed effort. For information address the President of the State Leagues at North Greene, or Solomon Nash, Auburn, Secretary.

Is It a New Comer?

Last summer, the foliage of my pear trees was destroyed by a small, black slug. This season, the plums are also attacked by the same insect. Is it a new comer, or an old settler? What sort of an insect lays the egg, and where is it deposited? To what extent has it spread through the country? Please answer, and oblige

CRANK.

The insect referred to above makes its appearance from time to time, but not, to our knowledge, causing any wide-spread damage, nor does it usually carry on its work in successive years in the same locality. The station entomologist is familiar with it, and will give its name and life history.

The Deluge of Stock Continues.

The *Breeders' Gazette*, Chicago, of July 25, has the following on the cattle markets:

For the time of year the receipts of live stock have continued large beyond all precedent. The receipts of cattle were never equalled but once before, and for no previous week in the month of July were as many hogs received. The prevailing feeling, therefore, was one of weakness. For the remarkably heavy receipts of cattle, the drouth, from which the West is now suffering, is wholly accountable. It is within bounds to say that 20 per cent. of the cattle received at Chicago during the last two weeks were sent hither because of a lack of pasturage. Thus far—by reason of an unusually active export demand—there has been no very serious shrinkage in values, but the market cannot be expected much longer to withstand the strain. A few days more of such receipts as we have been getting during the last fortnight, and a collapse is inevitable. Good to extra 1,350 to 1,600-lb. corn fed steers are not appreciably lower than a week ago, while common to fair cattle of all weights, have declined from fifteen to twenty cents per 100 pounds. The highest price paid during the week was $5. There was but one sale at over $4.80, and exceedingly few at better than $4.50, prices below $4.40 taking the great bulk of the cattle. As a consequence of the scanty pasturage, the demand for stock cattle has practically ceased, and the offerings are therefore selling to great disadvantage. The immediate future of the cattle market has an ominous look.

The hog market remains in a state of unsettlement, being active and dull by turns, and alternately strong and weak. It opened heavy the past week, Wednesday's trading being done at a decline of from five to ten cents. That loss was regained during Thursday and Friday, but prices again turned downward on Saturday, and the close of business yesterday (Monday) found the market fifteen cents per 100 lbs. lower than a week ago. The receipts continue large for the season, and of a quality that has never been surpassed at this time of the year. There is less than the usual talk among countrymen of an exhausted crop, and there is every reason to expect continued and liberal arrivals, and low prices.

There has been a further increase in the receipts of sheep, but there was sufficient vitality in the demand to hold the market about steady. Although prices are not as good as they were a few weeks ago, they are decidedly higher than at this time last year, and as they are handsomely remunerative, no complaints are heard.

Communications.

For the Maine Farmer.

Influence of Food on the Composition of Milk.

Editor Maine Farmer: The *Massachusetts Ploughman* for July 5th, contains an article by Mr. Henry Stewart, which is quite remarkable. The subject with which he deals is the influence of food upon the composition of milk, and he takes occasion to rejoice over the fact (?) that scientific authorities are coming to see a truth of which *he* has been the only advocate. It is no wonder if many such articles as this one of Mr. Stewart's are printed, that the public gets very much befogged in regard to what scientific men believe and teach. It is difficult to see how a writer could more perfectly misrepresent the views of our best scientific authorities. Notice is taken of this article only because it may be supposed by some not acquainted with scientific literature, to represent the best knowledge of the day.

Let us examine some of these statements. Mr. Stewart's first assertion is that "one by one the scientific authorities are helping to put a quietus on the misleading and injurious statement, that the proportion of butter in milk cannot be increased by feeding;" and then he says further, "It is strange that such a heresy should have obtained currency among those to whom dairymen look for instruction." As a matter of fact, neither scientific men, nor our best informed dairy instructors, have of late years, if ever, put forth any such views as the above. This is the statement which has been made, and which has been so often misunderstood and twisted out of shape, that it seems scarcely worth while to repeat it, namely: The proportion of fat in milk may be decreased or increased by variations in the food, or from other causes, but this decrease or increase of fat is generally accompanied by a corresponding decrease or increase of solids other than fat. In other words, while the proportion of fat in milk may be changed because of the change in the amount of milk solids, the relative proportion of these solids to one another remains practically unchanged, at least, so far as the influence of food is concerned. The numerous rigid investigations that have been made on this subject, largely in Germany, but to some extent, here, show that milk is subject to great fluctuations in composition from day to day, and also that there are gradual changes which take place as the period of lactation lengthens. But while these fluctuations and gradual changes have been found to take place in those experiments where widely varying rations have been fed, the relation of the different solids in the milk has been found to remain fairly constant, or if any change has occurred, it has not been found to have any fixed relation to the character of the ration, and to be practically independent of the food. In brief, the composition of the cow's milk may change very greatly in the relation of the solids to the water, but only within very narrow limits in the relation of the solids to each other; and whatever of this latter change has been found, seems to have been produced almost entirely by causes other than the food. On the relation of solids to water, the food seems occasionally to have a marked influence. These have been the teachings of scientific men for the last fifteen years, at least, and so far no investigations have been published which should be taken as showing anything to the contrary. The few instances where the character of the food seems to have had a small influence on the composition of the milk solids, are so largely in the minority, and are so greatly over-balanced by opposing results, that we should be very cautious about using them as the basis of any conclusions.

But Mr. Stewart is still more surprising when he comes to deal with the relation of the fats in the food to the fats in the milk. He discourses after this fashion: "Thus, tracing the fat in the food where it exists in minute drops or globules in the cells which make up the tissue of plants or grains, we can follow it directly into the milk without change," and later he astonishes the reader with the remark that some cows, "as in the case of the Jersey cow Princess 2d, may be able to actually convert seven pounds of fats in the foods into butter in one day." Shades of Liebig! By what process of intuition has this writer traced the globules of fat in the food through their various wanderings in the animal, and safely landed them in the butter fat, when the best scientific investigations so far made have failed to conclusively demonstrate the fact which he so confidently asserts? Or will the reader please consider the amount of food which the cow Princess 2d must have eaten, in order for it to contain seven pounds of pure fats? Unless pure oil formed a part of her ration, she must have eaten not less than one hundred pounds of dry matter daily, in order to receive seven pounds of fat, even with a very liberal use of the oil meals. It is a fair assumption that a Jersey cow would produce a pound of butter per day, on the ration of twenty pounds of Timothy hay and ten pounds of pea meal, the whole containing less than half a pound of digestible fat. If the fats of the milk only come from the fats of the food, how can such a ration cause the production of a pound of butter per day, containing not less than eight-tenths of a pound of fat? Again, if Mr. Stewart is thoroughly acquainted with the constitution of the fats and oils, he must know that the fats found in butter are quite unlike, both as to the constitution and mixture, to those found in plants, and in case of a direct transference from the plant tissue to the milk, butter could scarcely be what it is, or have the fixed character that it does. It may appear to some that such criticism as this is somewhat severe, but if it is, there certainly appears to be a good excuse for it. Our agricultural papers are constantly spreading over the country just such inaccurate and unscientific statements as the above, but which are supposed by many to be accurate and scientific. The result is, that scientific men are accused of false teaching whenever the truth becomes known to those who are misled, and prejudice against all scientific work and investigation is thereby aroused. W. H. JORDAN.
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For the Maine Farmer.

The Experiment Station.

While the work of our experiment station is better understood, and more highly valued year by year, it is not yet sufficiently appreciated by the average farmer. The good will of our best and most influential farmers is enough to keep the station in good repute, and the practical benefit which it affords those who are disposed to avail themselves of it, is unquestionably greater than the expense which it involves, but this benefit to the farmers of our State, is still small compared with what it should be, and compared with what it will be when old prejudices are worn away, and the value of the application of scientific research to the principles and practices of agriculture, is more generally admitted.

All reform is necessarily gradual, and in its early stages, involves an apparent waste of effort. This is noticeably true in the reformation of agriculture. There is still lurking in the minds of the old time farmers, a distrust of the conclusions of science, and naturally of the experiment station, where these conclusions are reached. This feeling gives rise to a tendency to find fault. Most of the common criticisms are embraced in the following points:

1. The work of the station is too slow.
2. Not much is accomplished.
3. The results and conclusions are not practical and reliable.

These criticisms arise from a misunderstanding of the nature of the work. Soon after the station was established, many of our people began to look for the announcement of radical and startling discoveries. As these did not appear, disappointment followed. Experiments and investigations in agriculture, like all scientific research, are necessarily slow and painstaking. To determine the compositions of foods, the analysis must be many times repeated, in order to obtain an average for a reliable standard. Experiments in the growth of crops must be extended over several seasons, in order to eliminate the variations which arise from individual and temporary causes. For the same reason experiments in feeding animals must be continued and repeated before satisfactory and reliable conclusions can be made public. For example, Prof. Jordan has for two years been conducting experiments with cows of different breeds, to determine various points in connection with the production and composition of milk.

The conditions affecting milk are so varied as to render the matter extremely difficult. Every day, during the two years, samples of the milk from each cow have been subjected to chemical analysis. The cream, the butter, the skimmed milk, and the buttermilk have received similar treatment, and even now, the questions proposed, are not regarded as fully answered. Every year, more or less complaint is made because the result of the analysis of fertilizers is published so late. The people do not understand and remember that this delay is absolutely necessary. Samples of the fertilizers must be taken at different points in the State, after they are exposed for sale. These cannot be obtained till the fertilizers have been put upon the market; so that before the samples are secured, farmers have already begun to make their purchases. On this account it is evident that each year's report can only be used as a guide for the year following.

No one familiar with the work that is going on at the station, can feel that there is not enough undertaken and accomplished. The bulletin published from time, do not indicate the whole work, but only to time certain points upon which some conclusion has been reached. It is difficult to remove the impression that the work of the station is somehow so scientific, as to be beyond the range of the ordinary farmer. In point of fact the experiments are just such as any farmer might wish to perform, if he had the time, the means, and the facilities for doing so. Practical experience is slow and expensive. The government undertakes to relieve farmers of the necessity of waiting to learn by their own experience, by solving problems for them, on a single farm, with greater accuracy and economy, and making the results available to all farmers alike. We should learn to feel that our experiment station is an institution peculiarly our own. It was established by the request of the farmers; it must look to farmers for its patronage, and our farmers receive the benefit of its work. The more intimate the relationship which farmers maintain between the station and themselves, the greater will be the good work accomplished. The bulletins containing the results of the work are sent free to all farmers who desire to read and profit by them. Any of this class who have not received them, should send their names and addresses. The officers are always glad to have their attention called to anything connected with the farm which is of peculiar interest, or which requires investigation. They consider it their duty to aid the farmers of the State in every possible way. Not only by conducting general experiments, but by giving their attention, when practicable, to individual cases. Any farmer, for instance, who has a muck swamp upon his farm, may be aided in determining its value by sending to the station a half bushel of the muck, taken from different sections, so as to represent an average quality.

An era of agricultural enlightenment and advancement is in progress, and farmers should not be slow to avail themselves of the advantages which it affords. In future, profitable farming must necessarily be scientific farming. Those who cling to the "good old ways," are the first to discover that "farming does not pay." Such as these must learn to adapt themselves to changed conditions, or they will, sooner or later, be crowded out. I. O. WINSLOW.

Nitrogen as a Food Supply for Plants.

[Libbey Prize Essay, by EDWARD H. KELLEY.]

The consideration of nitrogen as a food supply for plants is of great importance to the agriculturist of the present time. As the settled portions of the globe become more thickly populated; as the soils' productiveness becomes taxed to its greatest extent in the growing of food plants for the animal kingdom, and, if gradually failing in its productiveness, ceases to bring forth the necessary supply to meet the increasing demands upon it; then, when stimulants, as it were, are necessary to arouse Mother Earth to more vigorous action, it is necessary to understand the methods of procedure in such matters and the principles upon which the work is based, and the extent to which such courses are necessary.

The matter reduces itself to this important issue: The existence of the human race is dependent upon a supply of a greater or less amount of nitrogen from the animal and vegetable kingdoms; the lower animals are dependent upon the productiveness of the earth for their supply of nitrogenous foods; and also the plants for their growth must have the element nitrogen to maintain their very existence.

The element nitrogen is not rare; four-fifths, by weight, of the air surrounding this globe, is nitrogen, while many of its chemical compounds exist in the earth, the air and water in greater or less quantities, ever ready to be utilized if directed and controlled in the right manner.

It becomes, then, the work of the farmer, to adopt such methods, when nature appears to fail, to bring about the desired results and utilize the highest necessary and practicable amount of this important element.

Although the amount of nitrogen in plants may sometimes be very small, it is an ever present constituent, and must be obtained from the various sources at the plants' disposal. Ever present where plant growth exists, is the free nitrogen of the air, and this with the various compounds,—the nitrates and ammoniums, present in the air and soil, are the sources from which the plant draws its supply of nitrogen for its subsistence.

The comparative readiness with which the plants assimilate nitrogen in these three forms; the conditions under which the supply of nitrogenous compounds may be rendered more assimilable; the methods of supplying this element as well as the demand and results obtained, are all items of consideration in the study of nitrogen as a food supply.

Until lately, it has been the prevalent opinion among chemists and vegetable physiologists that the free nitrogen is not assimilable by plants, but rather, that the plant draws its supply of nitrogen from the compounds that are present in very small quantities in the air, and also from those compounds in the soil either of previously accumulated stores or from fertilizing material applied to the soil.

That the free nitrogen is assimilable in some cases to a large extent, is conclusively proven and admitted without much doubt on the matter. In 1881, Dr. W. O. Atwater of the Storrs Agricultural Station of Connecticut, instituted a series of experiments which were repeated in 1882 and later, after some interruptions, in 1885 and 1888, the results of which were strongly supported by the additional evidence of the acquisition of atmospheric nitrogen proven by the experiments of Hellriegel of Germany, about this time. The specific question which Dr. Atwater studied in the first series of experiments was: May plants, grown under normal conditions, acquire any considerable amount of nitrogen, free or combined, from the air? The second series was planned to verify the strongly affirmative results of the first and to include the collateral inquiry: How is the acquisition of nitrogen affected by abnormal growth? And then later the study of the first question was continued with peas and other plants, legumes and cereals, and included questions upon the effect of the addition of soil infusions on the growth of root tubercles, and the relation of these and the quantity of atmospheric nitrogen obtained by the plant. In summarizing the results of the first experiments he says: "The experiments showed in some cases a large acquisition of nitrogen from the air, the gain amounting in some instances to half or more than half of the whole nitrogen in the plants." In other cases there was a small gain or a loss of nitrogen, which, taking place in abnormal growths, he attributes to the escape of nitrogen from either the nitrates of the nutritive solution, or from the seeds during germination, from the growing plants. The liberation of nitrogen being due in some cases, if not in all, to the action of ferments. He summarizes his later experiments as follows: Peas, alfalfa, serradella and lupines certainly, clover in all probability, cow peas presumably and perhaps leguminous plants in general, are able to acquire large quantities of nitrogen from the air during their period of growth.

There is scarcely room to doubt that the free nitrogen of the air is thus acquired by plants.

He further states that there is a relation between the root tubercles and the amount of nitrogen assimilated, attributing the gain or loss to the existence or scarcity of these tubercles.

The application of the principles here established are of practical importance to the farmer. It is estimated that in Connecticut, not less than $500,000 are expended annually for commercial fertilizers, and that a large amount of this is for the purchase of nitrogen materials, one of the most expensive ingredients of fertilizers. Plants must have nitrogen; the supply in the soil is limited; the soil may, to a certain extent, be supplied with this element either through the agencies used by nature or artificial application—but these later investigations go to show that certain plants acquire large quantities of the free nitrogen of the air. These plants, (clover, alfalfa, peas, beans, vetches, cow peas and allied species,) are of importance in restoring fertility to exhausted soils. They act as nitrogen collectors, enabling the farmer to draw upon an exhaustless and expenseless source of this element and by feeding to his stock, he is enabled to return to the soil a "complete fertilizer" in the shape of barn-yard manure.

Dr. Atwater in conclusion says: If, as has been urged, the exhaustless stores of the atmosphere are not available, then the outlook is dark enough. But if the farmer may use his crops to gather it without money and without price, then we may dismiss our solicitude.

A second form in which nitrogen exists as a food supply for plants, is in the form of nitrates, in which cases the nitric acid is combined with an alkali of some of the alkali earths. Nitric acid (HNO_3), is formed in the air by the action of ozone, and brought down to the soil by the snow and rain. It is also produced in the soil; 1st, by the oxidation of ammonia; 2nd, the organic matters of the soil containing nitrogen, suffer oxidation by directly combining with ordinary oxygen; and 3d, the free nitrogen appears to be, to a certain extent, oxidized in the soil. The nitrates were considered, until the experiments upon the assimilation of free nitrogen were conclusively proven, of the first importance in providing the necessary nitrogen for plant food, and now their importance can not be underestimated as a means of supplying nitrogen, especially to those plants that do not assimilate the free nitrogen so readily. In general the nitrates are found to be more manageable and more certain to promote the growth of plants than ammonium salts or any other compound of nitrogen.

The manner in which the nitrates have been formed from the free nitrogen of the air, has been for some time past, a mere matter of speculation. Certain conditions were observed as necessary for such formation, but not until recently has the permanent theory been offered, as the probable cause of this conversion to a more available form.

Of the commercial fertilizers furnishing the nitrogen in this form, the nitrates of soda and nitrates of lime are the most common, and cheapest obtainable. Large quantities of the nitrate of soda are imported from Peru, the crude nitrate being found there incrusting the soil of a desert. These substances, as well as those obtainable from nitre beds, and the saltpetre waste, that may often be obtained from powder mills, are effective fertilizers, that may be had at reasonable rates. But of the most importance to the farmers, is the consideration of the process of nitrification, that is, the formation of these nitrates in the saltpetre beds, and in cultivated fields and other places. In many places the change is due to the decomposition of organic material. The essential agent necessary, is now considered to be the ferment bacteria, acting under certain conditions which are essential for its propagation and the formation of the nitrates. The discovery of this agent in this important transformation, directs the farmer to improved and more expedient processes, in the preparation of his fields for crops, and in the treatment of manures, in order that this important compound may be therein developed. The ferment being present in the soil, is able to convert the nitrogen and ammonia with which it comes in contact, into nitrates. This explains the practice of leaving the land fallow during the summer, for during this season of the year, the rains and dews bring the ammonia into the ground, where it undergoes nitrification, and thus becomes stored large quantities of these nitrates, which the grain crops would readily utilize when sown upon the land. The nitrates form readily in old manure and compost heaps, and it only becomes necessary to observe the proper conditions, to accumulate in these a considerable amount of nitrogen.

Another important form in which it appears, and in which condition it forms a good food supply for plants, is the nitrogen in ammonia, (NH_4) Plants fed with this are greatly stimulated in their growth, and there can be no question as to the value of these compounds as fertilizers. Peruvian guano, and sulphate of ammonia are the most important commercial fertilizers that contain this substance, that are most readily available to the farmer. The ammonium salts are also directly assimilable by the plants, but in experiments that have been made, it has been shown that they are somewhat inferior to nitrates, yet, there probably exists a preference for either one or the other, by particular plants.

The readiness with which ammonia compounds change into nitrates renders the distinction between the two of less importance.

Plants assimilate a certain amount of ammonia from the air, through their foliage, yet the very small amount present in the air, renders the matter of less importance than might be supposed.

Other chemical substance in which nitrogen may appear, to be available for plants, are urea, uric acid, leucin, tyrocin, glycocoll, hippuric acid, guanin, asparagin and acetamid. Although some of these are mere chemical rarities, others are of great agricultural importance, since they occur in urine and the dung of birds. These compounds in the dung of birds, together with the ammonium salts and nitrates found with them, renders this material of great value as a fertilizer. The impulse which guano gave to agriculture, was very noticeable.

Other fertilizers that may be readily obtained, containing large amounts of nitrogen, are fish scraps and refuse, and now quite important industries are springing up in the production of these wastes as fertilizers. Animal refuse of all kinds, retain some of the nitrogen from the living body, and would therefore become valuable if available in any quantity.

Other substances that may supply this element, are linseed oil cakes, and cotton seed meal and cakes. Bran and malt sprouts, when spoiled, may be applied with profit, as a fertilizer affording nitrogen.

The amount of nitrogen found in peat, renders this substance under proper treatment, a good fertilizer.

In our brief consideration of nitrogen as a food supply, we have noticed the great importance the study of this subject has had in the promotion of the higher aims of the agricultural interests. In the bountiful supply of nitrogen, ever present in the atmosphere, as well as elsewhere, it becomes of the utmost importance to render this available. In the study and research now going on, new methods, and more improved processes may be used to the development of the agricultural interests, and upon the readiness with which the leaders adopt the principles thus established, especially in regard to nitrogen, depends the advancement that may be made in agriculture.

For the Maine Farmer.

F. S., Fairfield, in a late *Farmer*, says the Greeley plum is distinct from the Bradshaw, also that the graft is not like it. If this be true, then the mulberry tree man never sent the genuine Greeley here, for the grafts look so much like the Bradshaw that no one can tell the difference. But who can tell where those trees, found in the Greeley garden, originated? Let us have the bottom facts, if possible. CRANK.
East Union.

Agricultural Education.

From the admirable address on agricultural education by Prof. Robertson, at the late Farmers' Institute at Woodstock, N. B., reported for our columns by our esteemed correspondent Mr. W. W. Hubbard, we make the following extracts, which are equally applicable everywhere:

The government of a country should never educate one class of its people at the expense of others; all should have equal privileges, that every individual might have a fair start. After that, individual effort and perseverance would work out the problem of higher knowledge, whether it be of laws, civil, medical, theological or agricultural,—these all being included in the scientific study of Natural Law.

The kind of law affecting the farmers most closely is the agricultural division of natural law; and every farmer should aim to have such a knowledge of this that his own head may direct the work of his own hands. Expression by the tongue is not always an indication of education and knowledge. Talents can be expressed by works as well and often better than by words. Instance the artist on his canvas, or the sculptor at his marble. Farmers and their boys should learn expression. They should learn to think clearly, and then express their thoughts by their work; plow well, sow well, and reap well; and market their products where there is most profit and economy. To some men education will create an unpleasant feeling. If the man who feels thus would succeed, he must overcome this. On the farm, as well as everywhere else, intelligence always rules. Education means fitting a man to rule. Knowledge, alone, is not power, any more than bread is power; but the use of either knowledge or bread enables a man to exert force and so have power. There are people who hold that education will unfit a young man for farm life. Education that will unfit a boy to live on a farm is misnamed. The parrot power of repeating is not education. The conceited boy is very imperfectly educated. The facility of using big words evidences a lack of education. True education makes a man humble of his own attainments. As he reads, and learns by other sources, he sees every day new heights of knowledge to which he has not climbed, and depths he has not explored. Education is always opposed to prejudice, which means judgment without knowledge. Prejudice warps a man all up. Education never loads a man down, nor crams him full; but means putting knowledge under his feet, leaving his hands and head free for work; and it raises him up to see better how to do it. Education is always helping a man to be somebody. The great object of every man should be to learn and know truth, and then by training apply it to his work. The first task of the New Brunswick farmers was one of destruction, they were devastators. Kill, burn, clear up, were the texts. Now the work has changed and must be of a constructive nature, to raise more useful plants than the trees which formerly occupied the soil, to build up a better agriculture. The farmer has a three-fold calling. He must be a business man, a tradesman, or a professional man.

1. A good knowledge of business is required to attend properly to the buying and selling necessary, so that a profit may be drawn wherever possible. The farmer should be able to see where the profit lies, for it is not always in the price; profit lies between cost and price; to reduce the cost will ofttimes be more profitable than to increase the price. The boys on the farm should be trained to business methods. Let them go to town and sell and buy. If they lose a little for a few times they will have less to inherit, but they will be richer in experience.

2. The farmer has a trade. He has tools to use and must learn to use them properly. The boys should be taught to plow well and to perform all operations with neatness and despatch. They will take a pride in their work by learning to do everything well. Don't give the boys all the hard jobs. Teach them to put intelligence into their work, to inquire the why and wherefore of the operation, and the best means of performing it. There is no drudgery where the mind works with the hands.

3 Professional men seem to be those men who have a knowledge of laws, and who put people in harmony with these laws. Thus the medical doctor, knowing the laws of health endeavors to keep poor humanity in the enjoyment of existence. Lawyers knowing the laws of the country, interpret them for the benefit, or otherwise, of all who seek justice.

Farmers must put themselves in harmony with natural laws. Creation is the evidence of natural laws. An instance of going contrary to law would be turning down fall-plowed land in the spring, and so turning under the finely mellowed soil which the frost had prepared.

Some one says, how shall we start in our educational work? Education begins early. Every child is taught to speak, and every one should learn to laugh. Two hours a day of good hearty laughter has a wonderful beneficial effect. There are stony, silent forces at work in the education of every child. The child at the breakfast table eats porridge and milk, and at the same time absorbs his parents conversation. By proper and elevating conversation before children, much education is effected. If the farmer runs down his calling and bemoans his hard lot, his children will note it. The idea will grow up with them. They look to other fields for pleasure and business. If a man does not respect his calling he should quit it, for if he follows it he cannot respect himself. If a man does not respect himself he has no place where other people can have respect for him.

A boy who gets all his knowledge from reading books is very one sided. Children should all be taught to use their eyes and minds. Give your boys a lamb, or a pig; make them feed them and see to their comfort in every way. When the animals are ready for market don't steal them for yourself, if you would inculcate honest principles. A boy should be taught to acquire knowledge patiently. It is generally the dull boys who do the world's hard work. Bright boys are given all the chances, get money to spend and are shoved ahead. As a consequence they soon get fast, and their career is ended before they have a chance to benefit the world by their labor. Good judgment is worth ten times as much as a quick tongue to a man, and to his neighbors as well.

Education should make the boy self-reliant, make them independent of props. A nation trained to depend on individual work, instead of government assistance, is the one which will stand the longest and be the greatest. The world does not owe any man a living. The average boy, at fourteen years of age, will have consumed enough, broken enough, and wasted enough to have $500 costs on his head, and his first idea should be to pay up his debts. Every boy should be taught that he has a duty to perform; that honest toil does not degrade; that labor is noble. Every man who works intelligently and honestly, leaves the world in some degree better than he found it. A man owes the world all he can do for it. A boy should be taught never to exalt his muscles above his brain, —although it is not right to belittle a man who has worked honestly with his hands only. But a boy should never be taught that he was born to work physically alone. Teach him always to keep his mind on top, to respect the power of mind. Home influences are powerful levers as guides in after life. Boys should have proper literature both at school and at home. Give the boys as heroes, men of better type, not old kings who deluged fields with blood.

The namby-pamby, goody books, so often found in schools and Sunday Schools, generally have the reverse of the influence they are intended to exercise. A book that teaches that a boy will be drowned if he goes fishing on Sunday, because it is Sunday, encourages hypocrisy and infidelity. Never use fiction to illustrate a truth. Newspapers are good for boys; let them see what goes on in the world, and that their own country does not contain everything. Boys should have a college education, but if they are not able to earn it for themselves, it is not worth while to give it to them, they will not value it. A man who thinks he knows everything, ought to learn one thing more, i. e., how to make a pine coffin. After that, he should get into it.

Agricultural education can be fostered and encouraged by Farmers' Institutes, and by the work at the experimental farms. The Canadian experimental farms have 3,000 non-resident pupils. These farms aim to show by example what can be done, and the most economical way to do it, as well as to find out the plant and animal best adapted to various districts, and for various purposes.

A man's aim in life should be to do the most he can for the world and for himself, not to get the most he can. Above all, have skill, and you can sell it. Too much assistance is the worst thing a young man can have. Help begets help. It is the plain fare, the rugged morality, and good sense of farm homes that make them one of the best starting points for men of great deeds.

Horse Department.

The entries for the horse races to be trotted over Fairfield track to-day, to-morrow and Saturday must be gratifying to the enterprising owner, Mr. Gerald, who is deservedly popular with the horsemen of the State. In the green horse race, 14 are named; in the 2.40 class, 22; in the 2.33 class, 7; the 3.00 class, 20; 2.29 class, 6; 2.45 class, 22 and 2.37 class, 17. This is a long list of straight entries, and with an expert of ability in the stand, a rich treat is in store for every lover of a "horse trot." Fairfield track should be packed during the coming days. Half rates on all the trains running to Fairfield.

One of the reforms called for in advertising races, is that only genuine entries be given to the public. Any departure from this is *fraud*, and should be stamped such by every newspaper. To publish a whole column of entries, not half of which are genuine, is contemptible, because the sole object is to call out the public in order to cheat them. Honest entries and honest races henceforth should be the rule.

A new law in Indiana pertains to the service fee of stallions, and requires registry of stock horses with the clerks of Circuit Courts. One of the requirements of the law is as follows: "That a copy of such license, embracing such sworn statements and pedigrees, with the fee the owner proposes to charge for service, shall be posted by the owner of such sire in two or more conspicuous places in the vicinity of the place where the sire is kept for service, and should any part of said sworn statement be to the knowledge of the owner of such sire, false in any particular, the owner shall not be entitled to collect any fee for such service, and the falsity of such statement, or any part thereof, may be pleaded in the bar to any contract or account for services of such sire.

If racing is to be continued in Maine, park managers must learn that the people in the grand stand has some rights. If the races are advertised to start at 2 P. M., the horses should be called at that hour. This waiting until three, before calling the horses, is simply outrageous. There is no excuse for it, no apology can satisfy. It is simon pure carelessness and neglect of the rights of the public, and no other term will apply. No track can prosper which allows such wholly unnecessary delays. The judges put in the stand should be selected, not only for their acquaintance with the rules, good judgment, and firmness in applying them, but also for their promptness, and when they enter the stand, the track and horses are under their control. If a set of judges cannot work off a dozen heats in an afternoon, and close in good season, they are not fit for the position. Promptness is an essential qualification in an expert, and one too often overlooked.

The entries to the 2.30 class come in rapidly, and now number over two hundred and fifty, but the most interesting and important fact in connection with trotting this year, is the remarkable increase in the number which have beaten 2.30 this season. It is as follows: Allenton, bay colt, by Jay Bird, 2.16¼; Almont, bay gelding, by Alburn, 2.17¾; Black Diamond, black gelding, by Milton's Golddust, 2.19¾; Dick Smith, chestnut gelding, by Luke Brodhead, 2.17; Edith R., bay mare, by Monaco, 2.17¼; Fearnaught, bay gelding, by Straight Flush, 2.16; First Call, bay gelding, by Athlete, 2.19¼; Keno F., chestnut gelding, by Little Moak, 2.19¾; Leopard Rose, spotted mare, by Kilbuck Tom, 2.15¼; Mambrino Maid, bay mare, by Mambrino Startle, 2.18¼; Margaret S., bay mare, by Director, 2.17½; Maud, brown mare, by Othello, 2.18¾; McDowell, chestnut gelding, by Water's Horse, 2.18¾; Pamlico, bay horse, by Meander, 2.17¼; Pixley, bay mare, by Jay Gould, 2.19¾; Play Boy, chestnut gelding, by McCurdy's Hambletonian, 2.18¼; Plush, bay mare, by Masterlode, 2.19¼; Ripple, bay mare, by Messenger Duroc, 2.19¼; Simmicolon, chestnut horse, by Simmons, 2.19; St. Elmo, bay gelding, by Royal Fearnaught, 2.18¾; Suisun, bay mare, by Electioneer, 2.18¼; Walter E., bay gelding, by Patchen Mambrino, 2.18¼. Of the foregoing, seventeen are new comers to the ranks of 'teen trotters.

Pacers that have for the first time secured records below 2.20 are B. B., brown horse, 2.19¼; Charley P., gray gelding, by Governor Sprague, 2.17¼; Cricket, bay mare, by Steinway, 2.14¾; Dallas, chestnut gelding, by Almont Boy, 2.16¾; Grant's Abdallah, bay horse, by Abdallah Bruce, 2.19; J. K., brown gelding, by Brown Harry, 2.18¼; Lochinvar, brown horse, by Clipper, 2.18¾; Uncle Jack, bay gelding, by Glencoe, Jr., 2.17¼.

The full summaries of the races over Augusta track, last week, are given, as the races had not closed at our hour of going to press on last issue:

2.45 CLASS.

Almont Patchen, b g, C. E. Pickering, Gardiner	3	1	1	1
Susie, b m, Geo. Alden, Waterville	1	2	2	2
Jim Matt, b g, Chas. Milliken, Augusta	2	3	5	5
Roblaide M, s m, L. C. Morse, Liberty	4	6	3	3
Dr Neal, g g, A. E. Marston, E. Pittston	5	4	4	6
Freedom S, b g, C. B. Savage, Augusta	7	5	6	4
Rob A, b g, W. M. Achorn, Cooper's Mills	6	dis.		

TIME.

Heats.	Quarter.	Half.	Three quar.	Mile.
First	40	1.18	2.00	2.39
Second	40	1.20	2.01	2.40
Third	38	1.17	1.55¾	2.38
Fourth	41	1.20	2.02	2.41

GREEN HORSE CLASS.

Little Mac, b m, W. P. Reynolds	1	1	1
Pilot Victor, blk s, E. D. Tasker	3	2	2
Actor, b g, E. S. Forrest	2	4	3
Jerry, b g, J. W. Estes	4	3	4

TIME.

Heats.	Quarter.	Half.	Three-quar.	Mile.
First	44	1.22¾	2.05	2.52¾
Second	43	1.20	2.05	2.50
Third		1.22		2.45¾

2.34 CLASS.

Maud M, b m, H. C. James, Waterville	2	1	2	1	1
D. I. T., b g, F. W. Spencer, Augusta	1	2	1	3	3
Gen Hancock, br s, C. B. Gilman, Waterville	5	4	4	2	2
M. I., br g, M. I. Johnson, East Jefferson	6	3	3	4	4
Cleveland Girl, blk m, F. S. Tilton, Augusta	3	dis.			
Garfield, b g, J. T. McGugin, Gardiner	4	dis.			
Lady Rose, b m, A. D. Bumps, Fairfield	7	dis.			

TIME.

Heats.	Quarter.	Half.	Three-quar.	Mile.
First	37	1.15	1.56	2.37
Second	37½	1.14½	1.58	2.33
Third	39	1.16	1.55	2.35
Fourth	40	1.19	2.00	2.39
Fifth	37½	1.18½	1.59	2.40

The attendance was good, and the only criticism was long and tedious delays in starting, evils which should be corrected. Freedom S. was sold after the races, by Mr. Savage, to John Horn of Waterville, for $800. These races seem to be conducive to the sale of good horses, as several good ones change hands at nearly every race.

At Laconia, N. H., some good races have been held in which Maine horses contested as follows. Summary:

THREE-MINUTE CLASS—PURSE $150.

Frank P. Cox, Cornish, Me., ns Keystone	3	2	3	1	1	1	1
Ed. A. Weymouth, Milton Mills, ns b s Royal Oak	1	1	4	2	3	3	3
Billie Ray, Manchester, N. H. ns ch m Hattie E.	2	4	1	1	2	2	2
John L. Marston, Pittsfield, ns blk g Whitenose	5	3	2	4			
H. C. Wells, Laconia, ns ch f Lucy K.	4	dis.					

Time—2.38¾, 2.34¾, 2.30, 2.33¾, 2.36, 2.36¾, 2.34.

RUNNING RACE—FIVE FURLONGS.

D. W. Blanchard, Boston, ns b g Billy Crane	1	1
Charles Haley, Allston, Mass., ns b g Performer	2	2
John A Sawyer, Boston, ns b g Lord Fauntleroy	dis.	
A. J. Pitman, Lawrence, Mass, ns John P.	dis.	
H. C. Wells, Laconia, ns Capt. Jack	dis.	

Time—1.07¾, 1.07, 1.05.

2.33 CLASS, TROTTERS AND PACERS—PURSE $250.

R. S. Smart, Rochester, ns b g Blacksmith	1	1	1
W. W. Montgomery, Laconia, ns b m Maggie M.	2	2	2
Frank P. Fox, Cornish, Me., ns b g Frank A	3	3	3
C. F. Paige, Pittsfield, ns b g Cato	4	4 dis.	
S Hodgson, Merideth, ns blk m Black Bess	dis.		

Time—2.35, 2.34, 2.36¾.

Friday, in the 2.37 class, purse $200, Scipio, owned by N. J. Foss of Cornish, Me., won, best time 2.35. The free-for-all, purse $300, was won by Home Ruler, time 2.27¾. J. A. Taylor of Penacook, is Home Ruler's lucky owner.

The first of the three days' races of the Androscoggin Horse Breeders' Association, was trotted at the State Fair track, Thursday afternoon. The races were trotted over a heavy track, and the attendance was light. The summaries are as follows:

THREE-MINUTE CLASS—PURSE $200.

A P E, Chas. Crosby	1	1	1
Charles M, G. E. Edwards	3	2	2
Hattie Pearl, F. J. Watts	2	3	3
Silver King, Ira P. Woodbury	5	4	5
John Lambert, C. E. Lane	4	5	4

Best time—2.50¼.

2.29 CLASS—PURSE $250.

Kate, F. J. Watts	1	1	2	2	2
Pickerel, Geo. S. Griggs	3	2	1	1	1
Sontag, J. H. Grant	2	3	3	3	3

Best time—2.46.

The second day's races at Lewiston proved more interesting than the first, and the attendance was better.

2.35 CLASS—PURSE $300.

George S. Griggs, b g Pickerel	1	1	1
J. H. Twombly, b m Lucy	3	3	3
Ira Woodbury, b g H. D. K.	4	4	4
Ramsey & Smart, b g Blacksmith	2	2	2

Best time—2.32¼.

2.45 CLASS—PURSE $300.

H. P. Elliot, b g H. P. E.	1	1	1
G. E. Edwards, g g Charlie M	2	2	2
F. J. Watts, b m Hattie Pearl	dis.		
F. R. Hayden, b m Bellevena	dis.		
A. C. Taylor, b m Hazel Kirk	5	6 ds	
I. P. Woodbury, b s Bancho	3	4 ds	
John D. Libby, Honest Tommy	4	3 ds	
C. E. Lane, b s John Lambert	6	5 ds	

Best time—2.35.

The result of the second day of the grand trotting circuit meeting at Cleveland Driving Park was as follows: 2.27 class, trotting, purse $2,000, divided, Alvin won; best time, 2.18¾. Free for all, pacing, purse $1500, divided, Hal Pointer won, best time, 2.11½, breaking record, by Adonis. Hal's best time, 2.14½. 2.19 class, trotting purse, $2,000, divided, Mambrino Maid won; best time, 2.16¾ by Lady Bullion. Mambrino Maid's best time, 2.17¾.

On the third day of the grand circuit, Harry Wilkes trotted a mile to a running mate without a skip in 2.14¾. Sunol started at the half mile pole and came home. She went the first quarter in 31 seconds, but broke on the stretch and came home at a slow pace. Afterwards she was sent a full mile, and made the circuit without a break in 2.15; three-quarters 1.39. 2.25 class, purse $2,000, divided, Walter E. won. Best time, 2.18¼, by Maud. Walter's best time, 2.20. 2.17 class, purse $2,000, divided, Albert S. won, best time 2.17.

The grand circuit trotting meeting at Cleveland, closed Friday. In the 2.25 class, trotting, purse $2000, divided, McDouel won, best time 2.18¼. In the 2.17 class, pacing, purse $1500, divided, Cricket won, best time 2.11½, by Dallas, Cricket's best, 2.14½. The free-for-all, trotting, purse $2000, Rosalind Wilkes won, best time 2.16.

How to Tell a Good Horse.

Unless a horse has brains you can't teach him. See that tall bay there, a fine looking animal, fifteen hands high. You can't teach that horse anything. Why? Well, I'll show a difference in heads, but have a care of his heels. Look at the brute's head. that rounding nose, that tapering forehead, that broad, full place before the eyes. You can't trust him. That's an awful good mare, as true as the sun. You can see breadth and fulness between the ears and eyes. You couldn't hire that mare to act mean, or hurt any body.

The eye should be full; and hazel is a good color. I like a small, thin ear, and want a horse to throw its ears well forward.

Look out for the brute that wants to listen to all conversation going on behind him. The horse that turns back his ears until they almost meet at the points, take my word for it, is sure to do something wrong.

See that straight, elegant face. A horse with a dishing face is cowardly, and a cowardly brute is usually vicious. Then I like a square muzzle, with large nostrils, to let plenty of air to the lungs. For the under side of the head, a good horse should be well cut under the jowl, with jaw bones broad, and wide apart under the throttle. The next thing to consider is the build of the animal. Never buy a long-legged, stilted horse. Let him have a short, strong coupling, and a straight rump, and you've got a gentleman's horse. The withers should be high, and the shoulders well set back and broad, but don't get them too deep in the chest. The foreleg should be short. Give me a pretty straight hind leg, with the hock low down, short pastern joints, and a round, mulish foot. There are all kinds of horses, but the animal that has these points, is almost sure to be sightly, graceful, good-natured and serviceable.

Poultry Department.

The Lay of the Speckled Hen.

"The Jersey cow's been petted
  Till she thinks she owns the earth,
That her weight in gold or diamonds,
  Scarce represents her worth;
But she finds herself mistaken,
  Her pride has had a fall,
For the price of eggs keeps rising,
  And of butter not at all."

"Rejoice my sister pullets!
  No more neglect for us!
They'll feed us on the choicest,
  And make no end of fuss,
They'll build us Queen Anne cottages
  With nickel plated nests
And all "modern inconveniences"—
  In hens they'll all invest."

"Laws will be made to aid us,
  And poets sing our praise,
  Great men be proud to own us,
And long will be our days.
  Then crow my noble chanticleer!
The time is coming when
  The only use for Jerseys
Is to feed the cream to hens!"

"SPECKLE."

Chickens are naturally hardy, not tender. This tenderness and loss of so many, is the result of our pampering and over-feeding.

Hens are machines in our hands to do willing service, but requiring intelligent care and attention. Don't abuse these dumb animals so much. Give them a fair chance. It is a wonder sometimes that these flocks exist, when abuse is the rule, and not the exception. All they ask is a fair amount of well selected food, given at proper intervals, fresh water, and comfortable homes, well ventilated. They deserve these.

Are you prepared for the dog days of August? Have you provided ample shelter for the flocks and broods? This must be attended to, or they suffer, and this means loss. Chickens cannot thrive unless they are comfortable, and this means not only roomy pens, but shady runs. Look after these things, and see how the hens and chicks will repay you by rapid growing and liberal egg producing.

Don't let the cockerels, intended for market, lose during the next few weeks. Keep them growing steadily. Get a good frame by the time you want to fatten, and then force them, and put on the market early, while prices are satisfactory. Don't wait until everybody else is ready to ship theirs, but try and be the first one in the market. If your chicks will average four pounds, and sell for twenty-five cents a pound, there is more money in them than to hold until they dress five pounds, and sell for twenty cents. That last pound has cost something, more than either of the other four, and the net profit is reduced so much. The earlier the birds go to market, in prime condition, the better for the grower. Here is the line of profit in these days of sharp competition, and the man who waits and loses, has only himself to blame. The early broods should be matured and marketed before September.

The Plymouth Rocks.

There is no fowl in existence better adapted to general use than the Plymouth Rock, but there has been such a contamination in the breed, and so much inbreeding, that the bird has been fairly slaughtered. To see an ideal Blue-barred Plymouth Rock in the show pen, and the average specimen on the farm, we meet two different styles and qualities. It is a pity that more care has not been taken of this American breed. It has stood the booms of a score of new varieties, and has successfully met every new variety brought out by the speculators, and still it lives—a monument to American ingenuity. With the introduction of the White Plymouth Rock, we are supplied with a fowl equal in merits to all, and superior to a great many. In fact, take every one of the American class, and we find no better in any part of the world. Before we keep on importing the new breeds from other countries, let us see that our own is being perfected. There is plenty of work here on breeds that can be made as valuable and profitable as those coming from John Chinaman or John Bull.

Woman's Department.

The Rain.

Silently, swiftly comes down the rain,
Beating against the window pane,
Touching the trees with a greener hue,
Making the flowers look fresh and new.

From a hollow tree a squirrel comes forth,
And wisely looks in the west and south
For signs of fair weather, but finding none,
Scampers back to his hole again.

A robin sings in the maple tree,
Blithely, merrily singeth he;
For he knows the Father sends the rain,
And will make the sun to shine again.

Now a beautiful rainbow spans the sky,
The rain has ceased, and the clouds roll by,
The sun shines over the hill and plain,
Making them woodrous fair again.

Thus it is in life, when the dark clouds lower,
And sorrow comes, like a sudden shower,
And our days are dreary and full of care,
Yet the silver lining is surely there.

Yes, sometime the clouds will roll away,
And we shall rejoice, in God's perfect day,
Behold the light of a glorious Sun,
That shall shine forever, on and on.

Limington. BELLE LOUGEE.

Lines Composed on the Death of a Father.

Rest, father, rest, in slumbers sweet,
  For calm thy sun went down,
More welcome is this loved retreat
  Than honor or renown.

Thou art released from all thy pain,
  Thy limbs will ache no more;
No care will visit thee again,
  For danger now is o'er.

Thy soul has gone where Jesus dwells,
  How cheering is the thought,
Where pain nor sickness never come,
  And sorrow enters not.

The friends who stood around thy bed,
  And dropped the parting tear,
So calm and speedy was thy flight,
  Were filled with grief and fear.

We miss thee in our lonely home,
  We ne'er shall see thee more;
We wait to meet thee by-and-by,
  On that eternal shore.

A well known writer of to-day has the following words on a subject of momentous importance to the State and Nation:

"Like everything else in this world, divorce is a matter colored and controlled alone by individual circumstances; but in the abstract, upon those general principles which alone offer ground for discussion, I am no believer in divorce. If husbands and wives find that they cannot live peaceably together let them agree to live separately, but be careful how they sever the bond that God has joined. If your husband is a drunkard, all the more reason that you should stand by him if you are a good woman. If he goes into the gutter, pull him out, and know that your experience is only that 'worse' which you vowed to take with the 'better.' It is the quinine in the honey to tone you up and make you able-souled. There are ten thousand ills in married life which tact and forbearance will eventually dissipate, as a clear, steady-blowing wind will drive away mosquitoes, malaria and fog. The trouble is, we lay too much stress on trifles; we dilate upon them, and fight upon them and nurse them, until from mosquitoes they grow to be buzzards that eat at our peace; from malaria they flame into fatal fevers, and the fogs assume the aspect of great landward-beating storms. I do not believe in folks going on living to-gether if they cannot get along without fighting and sulking, but I do not believe in irrevocably sundering the tie that Heaven has consecrated. Don't live together if you cannot agree at least occasionally, but don't flatter yourself that the crooked disposition handed down to either husband or wife from some cross-grained ancestor, will do any better under other circumstances. The thorn that makes your rose so hostile to peace is part of the rose's growth, and carrying it into another venture will not relieve it of its sharpness. If you have made one unhappy venture, don't chance another. Live your life as bravely and as cheerily as you can, but beware of running the risk again. It is better to die with the record of only one wreck than to go out of life as a cyclone does, with a devastated world behind it. Not for one sin, nay, not for seven sins, scarcely for seventy times seven sins, would I forsake the friend I loved. The woman who divorced herself from her husband because the man she swore to stand by has bitter faults, is like an angel who should divorce itself from its ministry to groping earth pilgrims. A good woman will eventually save everything in the shape of a faulty man but a libertine and a liar, and God's grace is adequate for even such. Finally, I say unto wives, be large-hearted, tolerant, wide in your views, generous, not over exacting (exaction has murdered ten thousand loves), not paltry and feather-headed, nor easily stirred to causeless jealousy; companionable, loving and true, and stick by your husbands through everything but hopeless lying and flagrant unfaithfulness. And I say unto husbands, be men; if you must drink, don't sneak out of it on a clove or a checkerberry; if you are going to the club don't say you are going to work at the office until late. Whatever else you are, be honest and lie not. Do not run after other pretty women because the bloom has faded a little from your wife's face, or because the shoulders that have helped carry your burden so long are bent and weary. Be at least as honest to your wife as you are in a Board of Trade speculation, and count it as much shame to go back on the bargain you made in the sight of Heaven as you do to go back on a wheat deal or a real-estate speculation. Less dissimulation and more candor and honest dealing on your side, and less exaction and more good comradeship and square common sense on hers, would make the lives of married men and women fairer and more blessed in the sight of men and angels."

Hired Help.

"The martyr" had occasion the other day to change girls. Away she went to a certain Christian organization for dispensing domestic help to well-ordered Christian households.

"I want" said she, "a good so-and-so, and an excellent thus-and-thus." "I can suit you," said the gentle little woman who presides over this branch of an excellent organization. "I must have exceptional reference as to past and moral character," said the blessed martyr, with a look in her clear hazel eyes like one who had never regarded vice from a nearer standpoint than an eagle takes of a wood-tick.

So the candidate for admission into our household was put in the "sweat-box" and examined. Woe to that future cook if there was a blot upon her escutcheon. If her life had ever been scarred by a sin, or in dust and ashes she repented of a long past imprudence, it were useless to hope to fill any position, however menial, in the martyr's uncorrupted household. It made no matter that the very fact of her wanting work showed that she wished to reform; if her past record could not show up blameless she need never hope to peel the martyr's decorum potatoes, nor flip the dust from her respectable center-table.

Now, my friend, all this is wrong. If a woman be suitable for your patronage at 10.30 A. M. it matters not one whit to you what she was at 9 o'clock in the morning. The past is her's and Heaven's; we have no right to intrude into it. She stands and falls to One wiser than we, and all we have to concern ourselves with is her dutiful performance of the present tasks laid upon her.

Do you not know that this very system of raking up the past and attempting to gauge the future or judge the present by it keeps vice alive in the world and nourishes its twin-sister, hypocrisy? There are very few of us who have had every chance in the world to grow roses who can walk through our own past lives and find no weeds. And how shall you expect greater purity and more unblemished rectitude from one who has had no pruning and no trellis wall to grow upon? If women who want servants would take some of the repentant sinners by the hand and give them a chance to put out a late rose to carry with them into the darkness of the grave and beyond the grave into Heaven, they would be fulfilling divine teaching much better than by exacting a spotless record and beating back with disfavors any attempt of a scraggy, neglected bush to bring forth a blossom.—*Ex.*

CANNING FRUIT. Pare all fruit with a silver knife, and, as it darkens by exposure to the air, drop each piece as pared into cold water and prepare only the quantity needed to fill two cans.

Fruit looks and is better when whole, the juices are clearer and the flavor is more fully retained. It is difficult to cook a large quantity evenly without injuring the shape. For this reason it is better to cook only enough to fill a few jars at a time. In canning a crate of berries it is well to select the finest looking quarts and can expressly for simple desserts at table. Such particular canning will not be necessary for cooking purposes.

Cook fruit in a porcelain-lined or granite kettle. If tin is used it should be new.

Cook evenly for fifteen minutes after it begins to boil.

There is no necessity for using sugar in canning fruit, but one tablespoonful to a quart of fruit is sometimes added.

When ready to can, have all articles needed close at hand. Set the can on two thicknesses of warm, wet flannel. Dip out the boiling fruit with a long-handled ladle, and fill the jar to overflowing. Run a knitting-needle three times down to the bottom of the filled can, and liberate the air bubbles. Then, with a quick movement, break the bubbles lying on top, and seal without the loss of a second. In ten minutes tighten the tops again with your wrench, and when the cans are cool wrap in paper and keep in a cool, dry, dark place. Be sure there are no seeds or sediment on the rubber ring before sealing. A tunnel comes in use, which is a great convenience in filling the jars. Do not store your cans of fruit on a swing-shelf, unless you are certain it will bear the weight. In canning berries, dip out most of the surplus juice, and seal when boiling hot, in pint cans for the children.

To test a cake in the oven, never insert a broom splinter, but draw it gently forward, and put the ear close to the loaf; if it is not done, there will be a little sputtering sound. When it is thoroughly baked, there will be no sound.

Maine Farmer.

Augusta, Aug. 7, 1890.

TERMS OF THE MAINE FARMER.

$2.00 IN ADVANCE; OR $2.50 IF NOT PAID WITHIN ONE YEAR OF DATE OF SUBSCRIPTION.

All payments made by subscribers will be credited on the yellow slips attached to their papers. The printed date, in connection with the subscriber's name, will show the time to which he has paid, and will constitute, in all cases, a valid receipt for money remitted by him.

A subscriber desiring to change his post office direction, or to discontinue his paper, must communicate to us the *name of the office to which it has previously been sent*, otherwise we shall be unable to comply with his request.

Postage free to all subscribers.

Collectors' Notices.

MR. I. C. LIBBY of Burnham, our cattle reporter, is authorized to receipt for moneys and receive subscriptions for the paper.

MR. C. S. AYER is now calling upon our subscribers in Somerset county.

MR. J. W. KELLOGG is now calling upon our subscribers in Washington county.

It is the dullest political campaign in this State on record. But nobody is disturbed by that, and no material interest will suffer in consequence.

Gen. Frémont's will was offered for probate in the Surrogate's court at New York, Friday. It was executed Aug. 19, 1854, and leaves his entire estate to his widow.

Captain Tillman, the leader of the Farmers' Alliance movement in South Carolina, is 43 years of age, blind in one eye, pays taxes on 1800 acres of land, and owns a dairy.

We issue with this number a supplementary sheet containing the premium list of the eighth annual exhibition of the Eastern Maine State Fair. Exhibitors and all interested should read it and preserve the same for reference.

In reply to our valued correspondent who asks about the vote in the House on the adoption of the Original Package Bill, we would say that the vote as reported in connection with the bill was 178 for, and 38 against. So that the great majority of both parties favored the passage of the bill.

Congressmen are tough. With the air being dispensed in the Senate chamber after coming across four tons of ice, the thermometer keeps at about one hundred. And still the members remain there and swelter when the country wants them to go home.

Mr. L. T. Carleton of Winthrop, recently made investigations of the gold regions in Byron, and although sceptical at first, became thoroughly satisfied that there is a fortune there for many persons, as the precious metal is found in paying quantities.

Another effect of the hot weather. The Knickerbocker Ice Company of New York city, has raised the price of ice and placed it as follows: To ice dealers, $10 a ton; to butchers, liquor dealers, stores, etc., 70 cts. per 100 pounds; to families, 15 lbs. daily, $1.20 per week; 20 lbs., $1.50; 25 lbs. and over, $1 per 100 lbs.

Maine will have a large representation at the annual encampment of the Grand Army of the Republic, that takes place in Boston, next week. The cheap fare on railroads and steamboats, together with the unusual attractions, will offer sufficient inducements for a grand gathering of the "boys in blue." Boston is now in the midst of the most stupendous preparations for the event. President Harrison and other notables will participate.

There is a milk famine in Lowell, Mass., and one is threatened in Boston. The long continued spell of dry weather, with the increased consumption of milk in preference to other foods, has caused a scarcity that renders it difficult for ice cream makers to get a supply. Householders also complain. The milk men say they ought to get 6 cents for what they are now selling for 5 cents, on account of the scarcity.

There have been published in pamphlet form the letters of Hon. William Atkinson and other correspondents relative to the Carrabassett & Canadian Railway, with a map of survey, which more or less explains the route. Mr. Atkinson may well be said to be the father of this railroad scheme, and his active brain and vigorous, pushing nature has kept alive the idea, so that should the road be completed the public may thank Mr. Atkinson more than any other man. Age only increases his enthusiasm in this grand natural commercial outlet.

The milkmen who furnish Waterville have in contemplation a scheme of tickets to take the place of the old system of accounts. The plan is to sell to each customer a certain number of tickets, each good for one quart of milk, and when the supply of tickets is exhausted to make a new sale. An arrangement like the above is employed almost universally by the milkmen of Western cities, and to a great extent in Massachusetts towns. One of the chief advantages of the plan is that it secures the dealers against loss from sales to irresponsible parties, who will often run up a large bill and then unceremoniously leave town or refuse to settle.

Although no definite news has been received to that effect, it seems to be the general impression that Kemmler, the New York murderer, suffered death by electricity, yesterday (Wednesday) morning. The legal witnesses were summoned to appear Tuesday night, at which time everything was in readiness for the execution. The victim himself, has given up all hope of life, and seems to be ready for the fatal event. After the many delays in his case, the prisoner must feel something of a sense of relief that his fate has at last been determined upon. The newspaper correspondents have flocked to the city of Auburn, in large numbers, to pick up every item of news concerning the execution.

Among the curiosities of the little State of Rhode Island is the residence of one Dairus Goff of Pawtucket, who has a clock which never runs down. Through an ingenious contrivance it is kept wound up by the simple opening and closing of the front door of the house. Electrical appliances, operated by the running of the clock, raise the gas jet in the hall at dusk and lower it at bedtime; ring an early rising bell for the servants, a later one for the family, and an hour later the breakfast bell, and when the hour is struck musical cathedral chimes respond in the chambers of the house. Now if Goff will invent a mechanical stomach to do his eating, a machine to do his sleeping, and an electric bellows to act as lungs for him, he can give nature a rest.

Rice in Japan is a necessary crop for the sustenance of the common people, but last year's crop failed. A correspondent writes: "In consequence of the failure, starvation is reported in all the large cities of Japan, and the number of deaths for want of food in Tokio alone was great. There had also been for some time prior to my departure, July 6, many cases of exhaustion a day. In the big cities people fell in the streets from exhaustion, and so often that the sight became a common one. Of course this sad situation exists solely among the poor—the rich get along as well as ever. But while this misery is due directly to the failure of the rice crop, the situation is greatly aggravated by the speculators, who have bought up all the rice, and the price is 100 per cent. greater than it was a year ago. Still, notwithstanding the high price and the immense profit, the speculators refuse to sell, hoping for a failure of the present crop, when the price will advance much higher. Some weeks before I left, the government, through brokers, purchased 30,000 tons of rice abroad from China and India. But foolishly the government ordered that the rice be sold at auction. This was just what the speculators wanted, for they outbid the poor and locked up the precious grain in their storehouses. Posters threatening the lives of the speculators if they refuse to sell the rice are daily put up in the exchange. The shortage was due to the destructive typhoons which last year swept over the island. The present crop is in good condition, but should there be a recurrence of the typhoon the crop will also be destroyed."

THE NEW ENGLAND OF TO-DAY. The time has passed when sneers are in order for New England. Its rough and rockbound shore is typical of the sturdy and robust character of its citizens, who have been foremost in many of the great achievements of life, and their genius is known and acknowledged the world over. New England has given strength and character to the literature and moral tone of the country. Her public men have done much towards shaping its political economy. The picture drawn by Dr. Edward Everett Hale, of the New England of 1890, in an article published in the *New York Tribune*, is a pleasant one for New Englanders to contemplate, and all the more so for the fact that it is correct, and true to the actual facts in all its details. The New England of to-day is by no means, in the character of its population, that of John Winthrop, or Cotton Mather, or John Adams, but Dr. Hale does not find in the marked changes that have taken place, cause for mourning. The old New England Yankee element has grown less and less during the last few years, as compared with what is termed the foreign element, the latter not only holding a balance of power in politics, but in some localities forming almost a majority. Protestantism has almost given place in many places to Roman Catholicism, so that the more timid adherents of the former faith have grown alarmed, and some of them even frantic, but the old New England institutions have been so firmly established that the new comers have yielded to their influence, instead of undermining or overturning them. New England evolution has been natural and healthy. At the same time, New Englanders have made their influence a powerful factor in the development of the West, and in more recent years, of the great South and Southwest. They have been, and to a great extent, still are, the educators of the nation, and their presence in other States has lent a powerful impulse to the thought and action of these localities. "Some 700,000 of her sons and daughters," says Dr. Hale, "are living in other States of this nation. But as a partial compensation for their absence, she has in her borders 200,000 of the citizens of this country, who have come to make their home with her. These are, in general, of the best Americans. Her contingent of foreign-born men and women adapts itself more and more to her institutions. And New England, not thinking much about such matters, but caring, with spirit and hope, for comfort and intelligence in happy homes, has no fear whatever that she is to be left out in the cold." The character of the native New Englanders, Dr. Hale finds illustrated by the fact that of the millions with whom the census taker had to do in Massachusetts, four years ago, he found but 16 pursuing occupations "not gainful" or "not productive." Seven of these were members of the Salvation Army, two were pensioners, who had no occupation but drawing their pensions; the other seven described themselves as "beggars, gamblers, loafers, prize-fighters, etc." Three, perhaps, were etc., and one of each of the other professions. New England's soil and her natural advantages, taken with the enterprise of her settlers, proved her fortune, since these forced her to become the manufacturing region of the country, and drew to her the best mechanical talent, both of America and of foreign lands. New England became a settled community with diversified industries, while the South was committing its fortunes to the single industry of agriculture, while the Middle States were young, and while New York was trying to decide whether she would be Dutch or American. The newer States boast certain natural advantages, but Dr. Hale believes that New England is not a bad place in which to live. She needs no booms to insure her prosperity. That is substantial, is laid on broad and deep foundations, and its permanency is guaranteed by the character of her institutions and of her people.

BY THE LAKESIDE. "What does any one want to go to the lake for? Nothing there to be heard but the singing of birds," remarked a rather unappreciative citizen, in reference to Lake Cobbosseecontee. Well, if there were nothing else than the pure and unadulterated songs of the birds in their native wilds, *that* were worth hearing. But then, in addition, there is the ever murmuring music of the soughing pines, the balsamic air of the woods, and the soft breezes which just ruffle the bosom of the lake. There is scenery as peaceful and picturesque as any in New England; there is fishing which invites the amateur and the professional; there is healthful rowing at all times, and glorious sailing along the entire nine miles course, when the stiff breezes fill the willing sail. And best of all, there is *rest*, sweet, tranquil *rest*, away from the business and turmoil of life—as profoundly restful as though it were a thousand miles from the marts of trade, undisturbed by steam or electric railroads. Here the tired one of earth may have a chance to take a new grip on practical things; recover his wasted energies, and grapple more effectively with the tread-mill matters of life. The average American citizen is either working or worrying himself into a premature grave. The habit of incessant activity, or the insatiate greed for gain, saps the juices of life and sends men and women by the scores into insane asylums, or into desponding uselessless. Said a well known physician to us the other day, in reference to the building of a modest cottage by the lakeside, "if more people would do the same thing, there would be less inmates of insane hospitals."

Naturally the home of song, this lake and its environs invite the inspiration of the poet, and one is found in the person of Anna Sargent Hunt, who has embalmed the forest path leading from her canvas summer home in the following beautiful lines:

MY FOREST PATH.

I know a path all fringed by ferns—
A woodland path with many turns,
Where in the overarching trees
That toss their heads in every breeze,
The wild birds carol sweetest lays
In vesper song and matin praise.
I sit me down, and at my feet
The light and shade coquetting meet.
The harshest sounds that greet my ear
Are tinkling bells in pastures near,
And ripling waves that to the shore
Repeat their story evermore.
O, fitful lake, so like my heart,
Thy moods strange thoughts within me start.
Like thee I sometimes seem at rest,
But oft by surging cares oppressed.
Yet not to-day to wearied brain
Shall vexing problems come again,
The lake its soothing music hath
And blessed peace my forest path.

DEATH OF DR. CARRUTHERS. Rev. John J. Carruthers, D. D., the venerable and well known Congregationalist clergyman, closed his eyes on these earthly scenes, at his home in Portland, Tuesday night. He was born on the 17th of September, 1800, at the village of Ecclefecken, district of Annandale, county of Dumfries, in the south of Scotland, and was ordained to the Gospel ministry at Edingboro, at the age of 19 years. In 1846, the Second Parish church of Portland extended a call to Dr. Carruthers to become their pastor. The call was accepted in a letter dated July 2d, 1846, and in August he was duly installed pastor, a position he held for 31 years.

Although born in another country, Dr. Carruthers was a true American, and loved the country as though it was the land of his birth, rather than his adopted country. Soon after moving to Portland, he was naturalized, and often took pride in saying that he was an American citizen. During the darkest days of the rebellion, he was a most zealous defender of the Union cause. He was a voluminous contributor to the press. Dr. Carruthers was a man rather moderate in making up his mind, but, when once made up, he was immovable. As a pulpit orator he stood high, being a clear logician and earnest speaker. Many of his eloquent discourses will be long remembered.

In his oration delivered at City Hall, on the occasion of Portland's centennial, Hon. Thomas B. Reed said of Dr. Carruthers: "It would be invidious to select from the living, or I could not refrain from offering my tribute of admiration and regard to that aged minister, who came to us from over the sea, whose noble form, whose stately beauty of language, whose full, strong upright life has always made him seem to me the ideal Christian minister, preaching the faith and practice of which his own life is the shining example."

July went out like a furnace, but all in all it was a grand month.

FISH WITH A SILVER HOOK. Last Saturday, two *attaches* of the *Boston Globe* started out on a fishing expedition, on Lake Cobbosseecontee, in quest of the gay and frolicsome black bass, while their wives prepared the "fixins" for the chowder, the main ingredients of which they would be sure to furnish. But they toiled on hour after hour without a bite, as fishermen sometimes will, but they disliked to turn back without a fish. So making for the fishing boat of a professional, Mr. Kaler, they exchanged some silver coin for four handsome black bass. On reaching their cottage, they exhibited the fish as the product of their piscatorial skill:

Two fishers went sailing out into the lake,
Out into the lake when the sun was high,
Each thought of the chowder his wife would make,
And so they cast forth the bright-hued fly;
For men can fish,
And women will wish
For the fish to make a chowder.

Two fishers went sailing out into the lake,
Out into the lake, with nary a bite,
Each thought of the truth he must forsake,
If he caught no fish, either heavy or light.
For men will lie,
And women will cry,
For the fish to make a chowder.

Two women stood wringing their hands on the shore,
On the shore where the boats were moored,
Each asked the men who had caught the four,
And the men turned pale, for they knew they were floored.
For men will lie,
And women will cry,
For the fish they bought of Kaler!

"AMERICAN AGRICULTURE AHEAD" OF GERMANY. This confession comes from very good authority. The report of Prof. M. Wilkens, who was sent to this country from Germany to make a study of our agricultural condition, and which has been recently published, gives some facts which deserve the careful consideration of those who have been accustomed to assert that the American farmer has a dark future before him. Prof. Wilkens, after a most careful examination of the whole subject, says: "We, moreover, dare not hold to the conviction that Germany, in the masses of agricultural production, can compete with North America. At present the United States have about 960,000,000 acres of surveyed, unoccupied land, which the Congress government either gives away for nothing for homesteads, or sells at very low prices as pre-emption or timber claims. Nine hundred and sixty million acres are about 3,888,000 square kilometres, that is, a territory as large as all of western Europe (with the exception of Russia and Turkey in their old frontiers.) Besides this, the United States possesses about 840,000,000 acres more of unsurveyed and unoccupied land, making altogether 1,800,000,000 acres of unoccupied land, or about 7,500,000 square kilometres. What can thickly-populated Europe, with a population five times as great as the United States, do against such a stretch of virgin soil?" In referring to the establishment of agricultural experiment stations in this country, the professor concludes his article in these words: "It were folly for German farmers to shut their eyes to this mighty intellectual movement of the North American farmers, and it were madness to believe that they can compete with North America in the mass of farm productions." What is true of Germany is also true of Europe in general. It cannot compete with the United States. The American farmer is master of the situation.

BRIEF INSURRECTION. The insurrection in the Argentine Republic was short lived. The rebellion broke out in Buenos Ayres a little over a week ago. The troops in the garrison, with their officers, rebelled July 25, and took prisoner Garcia, the minister of finance. Fighting throughout the day resulted in the triumph of the revolutionists, who marched towards the President's palace. He fled, and declared the republic in a state of siege. On the following day the insurgents' successes continued. The Governor of Buenos Ayres was severely wounded, President Celman fled to a foreign ship, and General Campus, an imprisoned conspirator, was liberated and placed at the head of the revolutionary party. The latter took possession of the arsenal and barracks in Buenos Ayres on July 27. The insurgent artillery bombarded the government house. A truce was arranged. In another engagement the government troops lost heavily. Then the navy declared in favor of the provincial government established by the revolutionists. Then followed an armistice, and the terms of peace. During the insurrection, one thousand persons were killed and five thousand were wounded. The Union Civica, composed of wealthy citizens of the republic, an organization which has aimed to carry the country through its financial difficulty, and which has made advances of money, has thus accomplished its purpose of getting rid of President Celman. Whether the charges of corruption against him and his financial minister be true or false, it is certain that public report credited him with gambling operations and selfish speculations to that extent that public confidence in him was entirely destroyed, and monetary stability impaired. He was elected to the Presidency for six years, in October, 1886, and his term would not have expired legitimately until 1892. He was the fifth constitutional President of the republic, immediately succeeding General Roca, his brother-in-law, whose efforts led to his election. But he has shown himself utterly incompetent and corrupt, and his successor has the advantage of always having retained the confidence of the people and of the Union Civica, by holding aloof from all the doubtful and speculative schemes with which Celman was connected. It is to be hoped that Pelligrini may be found sufficient to cope with the financial difficulties of the country, and lead to its advancement and development under such economic measures as shall restore it to prosperity and the confidence of the world.

NATURALIZATION ANNULLED. The law court at Biddeford, on Saturday, handed down a rescript which means considerable to Biddeford voters, as well as to many others in York county. It is the court's decision in the now celebrated case wherein William Dean of Biddeford, made application to the Supreme Court, in May, for his final naturalization papers. Judge Whitehouse decided that, inasmuch as his first papers were taken out from the Biddeford municipal court, there had been no naturalization, as, in his judgment, said court was not a court of record within the meaning of the statute.

The decision of the law court is to the same effect, the honorable justices stating explicitly that the Biddeford court is not a court of record, having a clerk and seal. This unquestionably annuls the naturalization of upwards of five hundred Biddeford voters, and in substance says, that they must begin over before they can become citizens of the United States.

The Waterville Sentinel truly says: In spite of all the croakers about wet and cold, the farmers are likely to get their usual bounties from the earth. If there is less of some kinds there will be more of others. What they will not get in corn and potatoes will be made up in hay, the crop of which is not only immense, but the weather during nearly all the haying season has been singularly fine for curing the great staple of the State. The wet spring prevented so wide an area of planting as usual, perhaps, but the crops are now promising well and advancing vigorously toward a good harvest. Maine very rarely fails to respond to the labor of her farmers in some way.

There is to be a special meeting of the 8th Maine Regiment Association, at 514 Tremont street, Boston, Mass., August 13, at 10 o'clock A. M. Every comrade, wife, son and daughter that can come is requested to be present. This may be the last chance to meet "this side of the Happy Camping Grounds." This is in no way intended to supersede or interfere with the annual meeting at Peaks Island, Aug. 21st.

Mrs. Lillian Norton Gower, formerly of Farmington, known in the musical world as Madam Lillian Nordica, the American prima donna, whose singing has made her famous on both sides of the Atlantic, has just arrived in Boston, fresh from the triumphs of the Patti tour, and the successful London season that followed it.

Yesterday the Governor and Staff finally decided to attend the Grand Army Encampment at Boston, next week. They will go on the day boat, Monday, and remain two days, making their headquarters at the Quincy House.

Mr. F. E. Eaton, formerly of Farmington, in this State, brother of E. E. Eaton, is now Superintendent of Elmwood Farm, Sterling, Mass. The farm is a first class one, and is owned by G. V. Fairbanks of Middletown, Ct.

The announcement is made of the marriage of Miss Blanche Willis Howard, formerly of Bangor, the well known authoress, to Dr. Teufel, at Stuttgart, Germany.

A report received from Mecca states that cholera is increasing there at a terrible rate, and the deaths Sunday, exceeded four hundred.

AN OLD WHALER. Mrs. Fossett of Riverside, contributes an interesting article to the *Fairfield Journal*, concerning a well-known character in Kennebec, the late Capt. James Shearman of Sidney. He was born in New Bedford, Mass., which was once a great whaling port. Shearman was for nearly twenty-five years in the whaling business. In an article contributed by him to the *Whaleman's Shipping List and Merchant's Transcript*, a paper published at New Bedford, under date of Oct. 23, 1888, he speaks briefly of his voyages as follows: "My first voyage was from Fairhaven to the Western Islands in the Charleston Packet, when about 15 years of age. This served to initiate me into sea life and to give me a sailor's love for it. My next and all subsequent voyages were made from New Bedford, first for John Avery Parker, and later for Parker and Son, and all save one in their ship, Young Phenix, recently lost in the Arctic ocean. Five of these were whaling voyages, three of them being to the Pacific, one to the Indian, and one (in which I sailed around the world) to both the Pacific and Indian oceans. Two merchant voyages were made to Europe, one in the Young Phenix, and one several years later in the ship Timoleon." [A remarkable story was published in *Golden Days*, not long ago brought to London by a young whaleman from a three years cruise in Behring Sea; it is of a ship surrounded by towering iceburgs, itself high and dry upon a floating ice pack and covered with ice like crystal, seen and recognized as the Young Phenix, everything about her being in perfect order as when her crew left her, a sort of a spectral ship floating at will upon the bosom of the Northern seas. If the story be true, the ship which was supposed to be crushed and totally destroyed is simply dry docked upon an iceberg, and may go floating about for years and it may be for centuries, in the extreme cold of the Arctic regions. But the story is of doubtful authenticity, and may be only a sailor's "yarn."] In making these voyages he rounded Cape Horn seven times, and the Cape of Good Hope three times. These whaling cruises averaged somewhat more than three years each, and while of course they added a good sum to his finances and afforded much excitement and some pleasure, yet they involved lots of privation and extreme hardship. It would seem to be needless to say that he was a competent seaman or a trusty officer in the face of the fact that he was so long in the employ of the same firm.

The Sandwich Island (Honolulu) *Advocate* of 18th November, 1843, contained the following paragraph, which is very flattering to Capt. Shearman and his methods of discipline: "To all whom it may concern—To the credit of master and crew of the Young Phenix, let it be known that since the ship sailed, nearly three years ago, not a man has run away, and not one has been flogged; yet good discipline has always been maintained. During the period the vessel has been lying in this harbor, the captain in no instance, has been troubled with any of his crew coming on board intoxicated after their liberty was out. Capt. Shearman is, no doubt, amply repaid for all his efforts to promote the temperance and happiness of his crew, by their respect and love. He uniformly speaks respectfully and kindly of them, and they are very willing to assert that a better captain does not walk the quarter deck of a whaler." He had what sailors call "good luck;" in all his voyages he never was shipwrecked and never lost a man by accident. Once he was caught by a typhoon, off the coast of Japan, so suddenly there was no time to make any preparation; they poured lots of their oil upon the troubled waters and thus averted a disaster; other vessels seen from their ship just before the hurricane burst upon them, were never seen or heard of again. He retired from the sea in 1844 and in the following spring came down east and bought a farm in Sidney where he spent the remainder of his days. The farm purchased by him (of Wm. Lovejoy) was one of the largest and best in the town, and in those days, before mowing machines and other labor saving tools came into use, required the employment of several hands to carry it on, and the captain had been told that the hay had never been and never could be harvested without the use, and pretty free use too, of liquor, but he hesitated not a moment to make the attempt, and like all his undertakings it succeeded admirably. His father-in-law, Mr. Marble, a few years previous to this had bought a farm adjoining this one, which probably was the reason of his coming to Sidney. Capt. and Mrs. Shearman were never blessed with any children of their own, but several children of their friends, at different times, found with them a most excellent home. They united in 1850 with the Society of Friends, and ever after were faithful and exemplary members, and their home was always open to ministers of that Society, or any, inasmuch as they were engaged in their master's service.

GRANGE DAY AT FRYEBURG. When Rev. Dr. Dunn first proposed a Grange Day in the Chautauquan Assembly at Fryeburg, he assured some of the State Grange officers a hearty and earnest welcome, saying that he and others interested in the work there, recognized the good influence the order was exerting and desired to incorporate Grange Day as a permanent feature, provided the patrons would co-operate. The details were left in the hands of Bro. B. W. McKeen, Master of Fryeburg Grange, who perfected the arrangements for what promised to be, and in spite of the storm was, a pleasant and we trust, profitable day.

Martha's grove is beautifully situated in a grove of pine and hard wood on the banks of the Saco, the view being truly magnificent from the river front. The buildings are substantial and the cottages very neat and attractive. Grange Day opened clear and warm, and the morning was profitably spent, listening to the rehearsal by the large chorus under the leadership of Prof. Morse of Kent's Hill, and spending a little time in the cooking school department, one of the most valuable features of the series of meetings. Here the lady in charge was instructing her class in the economies of cooking by illustrating the many ways in which the wastes of the kitchen might be made valuable. The fats from the top of the water where the corned beef was boiled and the suet from the roast were treated and clarified for future use, thus providing a substitute for butter or lard. We quote a few of the sentences, sharp and incisive as they fell from the lips of the instructor: "No where is there greater need of economy than in the kitchen of the ordinary family, and no where is there greater need for increased expenditure. The economy is in the preparation of food, and the expenditure for utensils necessary for the work. It is poor economy to use leaky dishes, puttied, soldered or stopped by a rag, as they are liable to give out without warning, and rough sauce pans that everything will stick against and burn. Nor does it pay to buy cheap new dishes of tin or iron ware. There may be instances where it seems advisable, but they are rare; better do without an article until you can get the best of its kind. Housekeepers should save their strength by buying light-weight utensils. Many so-called labor-saving utensils are too complicated, requiring more labor for cleaning after using than they save at the beginning."

Among the rules laid down for utilizing the bits and remnants of the day previous, were the following:

1. Remove every scrap of anything uneatable, skin, gristle or bone.
2. Cut or chop in pieces of uniform size.
3. Season carefully. Add gravy or stock. Several kinds of cooked meat may be combined in one dish and if well seasoned it will be impossible to detect the difference. Veal and chicken resemble each other so much that they may be combined or the veal used instead of the chicken for croquettes or salads.

Tough meat after preparation should be simmered for a long time in broth or gravy.

Tender meat should be heated quickly and served at once.

Bread crumbs can be used to thicken a gravy or to piece out a limited quantity of meat.

A fourth part fat meat is an improvement for hash, cottage pie or potted meat.

General Rules for Frying. Vegetable fats burn less easily than animal.

Beef dripping is the most wholesome fat; a mixture of dripping and lard is preferable to all lard.

Articles put in cool fat do not cook, but will absorb the fat.

Fat should be smoking hot for any frying, then a crisp crust quickly forms which prevents the fat from penetrating further.

For doughs or batters, since they must have time to rise, the fat should not be as hot as for croquettes or fish balls, which are already cooked and only require crisping.

This much is given as an illustration of the practical nature of the work attempted. The wives and sisters and aunts crowded the cottage, leaving no room for gentlemen, and their pencils were busy while they drank in the odors coming up from kettle and stew pan. An hour passed altogether too rapidly while listening to one of a series of lectures by Prof. Ropes of Bangor, on the history of the English Bible. It must have been a rare treat to have been able to be present and hear all of these, for this was rich in thought and full of instruction.

In the afternoon came the Grange exercises, and, according to agreement, the welcome promised by the officers. The writer has had no reason to doubt its heartiness, but begs to be excused from such outward demonstrations in the future. Just at the hour of opening, a terrific shower struck the grounds and the wind made sad havoc with the trees, snapping them like twigs and dropping to the earth with a vengeance which made the buildings rattle. That no one was injured seems almost a miracle, for the air was full of limbs and trunks of trees and these fell all about the cottages. Coming just at this time, those who had not arrived were kept back, and many who were present got drenched and were obliged to seek shelter and dry clothing at once, while all were more or less affected by this manifestation of the power of the elements. In spite of all these disturbances the afternoon passed pleasantly, to the speakers, at least. The abstract of the State lecturer's remarks have already been given in these columns, and we here present a brief synopsis of the able address upon the educational feature of the Grange by Dr. Geo. A. Brown of Woodstock, Ct., Master of the State Grange:

Mr. Bowen, in introduction, gave the usual definition of education, and detailed its effects upon individuals, and gave his own more comprehensive one, viz.: "The act of developing the latent faculties and powers of mankind, to make them independent and self-supporting."

The American farmer has always played a prominent part in his country's history. He is backed by the good breeding of his English ancestors. He fired the first gun on Lexington's historic ground, and has given to his country, by birth, at least, upon an American farm, all the leading statesmen, military and naval heroes, scientific and literary men, and the host of brave, noble and talented women of whom we have ever been proud. All honor to the American farmer! But why do farmers need an education more than other classes? First, because of their numbers, nearly 8,000,000. Second, the farm home is the ideal home of the people, where industry is the first law. It is a moral home, and generally speaking, a temperance and religious one. They are the preservers of the ideas that have built up this republic. They have produced the educators of the people. They are essentially American, while on the other hand the cities are more than half European. Reduce the farmer in the social scale, and you will in corresponding ratio reduce the country's greatness; hence his condition by education will be shown in the greatness and power of the nation.

Dr. Bowen then spoke of the educational features of every-day life, what agricultural schools and colleges are doing; he also mentioned State and national experiment stations, showing that they are mighty giants in the cause of education. Societies of stock-breeders, cattle-clubs, horse, sheep and swine breeding associations, dairy and fruit-growing associations, etc., are natural educators.

A general education gives a man a more general capacity for work, and creates a thirst for higher attainments and awakens an ambition. Give me an agricultural class with a clear, well-defined ambition, and I will risk the future.

This is general education. A Grange education supplements it, with discipline as its leading factor. A disciplined mind is a trained mind, and is as much superior to the crude one, as the disciplined soldier is to the raw recruit. Discipline teaches, first, command of one's self, without which no one can command others. It is the law of the household. Children, obey your parents, was our instruction, and obedience is as potent a law in the Grange as in the family. It was a divine command, and I sometimes wish that it could be similarly enforced by that little contrivance which must have had its origin through divine inspiration, the shingle. The Grange compels the study of detail, it compels the application of the mind, strengthens the memory, knocks the conceit out of a man (ladies, we know, never have any), and the patron learns that there are a host of people in the world who know as much as he does, and are fully as honest. It is a strong power that can take the farmer and educate him in this belief.

The subject of co-operation was developed by Dr. Bowen quite fully. He showed that it could only come from Grange education. The power and force of organization was also largely dwelt upon, as was also the education that comes to the individual who has developed his self respect and general intelligence by the educational forces presented by the Grange. His illustration of his own experience with "high bred" woman was a laughable case in point.

The general and specific objects of the Grange were strongly presented, and made one of the most telling features of the address.

Facts and figures regarding the agricultural growth of America, were largely given, showing that the doctor's investigations of the agricultural problem have been deep and exhaustless.

How seldom do we find carried out in politics the idea of the Latin motto, "*Salus populi suprema est lex*"—The welfare of the people is the highest law—it is invariably the welfare of the party and the individual's chances of promotion. Has Maine risen above all selfish thoughts? And do the party leaders lie awake nights pondering over the wants of the people? If so, I'll make application for a farm before sundown to-night, and become a resident of the State. All gains that agriculture has made have been strongly opposed in legislative halls, and frequently contested in the courts. Such must be the case for the future, contests of which will take place, and education in politics becomes a dire necessity. Heretofore the farmer in politics has not been the success that he should. There have been no prominent leaders, and no chance for one to become so; for as soon as one became educated, his constituency have retired him and sent another greenhorn to learn the A B Cs of politics, or the next "deestrict" demands a turn. Bold and aggressive leaders do not spring up on demand, ready made. They develop only in the hard school of strife and tumult. To make politics take care of your business, make it a business to take care of politics.

We recognize education as the great factor that gives the world its progression. Is not then the order that was created for the special purpose of educating and advancing the farmer worthy the support of every man who tills the soil, and of the respect of every citizen? It is a tested order, it has had its bright and dark day, it has been tried by sharp spirit of criticism, mistrust and ridicule; but like all truths it has steadfastly pursued its course, ever seeking the end for which it was created, and has made for itself a history of great achievements, till to-day it stands before the American people as the strongest factor in agriculture, commanding respect in halls of legislation, its opinions sought by the press, and its guidance seen everywhere. It is an educator of the American people as well as of the *American* farmer."

Next year with fair skies and a growing interest Grange day can be made a leading feature in the programme of the meetings at Martha's Grove. For this let us labor, that the good work of the order may be extended, and the willingness of the earnest workers in other fields, who desire to aid us, may be properly recognized and appreciated. Our thanks are due to the officers of Martha's Grove for setting apart one day for Special Grange work and the advancement of the order. T.

THE VALUE OF FRUIT. Most fruit possesses a good deal of nourishment, but it is principally valuable for its salts and free acids, which are much required by the system at all times, but more especially when the weather is warm. Fruits, owing to these salts and acids, cool and purify the blood, and keep the entire alimentary canal in a healthy condition. If children and young people were fed liberally on fruit, and such meats as bacon and ham were tabooed, they would be in better general health, free from heat rashes, rushes of blood to the head, and digestive troubles. As a rule, the healthy stomach will easily absorb any reasonable amount of fruit, taken at proper seasons. Weak and abused digestive organs will have to be treated more carefully, but will ultimately grow accustomed to a fruit diet, and be all the better for it. To do good, fruit must be properly ripe, and quite sound, if it is to be eaten raw. If for stewing, many kinds of fruit may be used in an unripe state, but in these cases they do not possess the same hygienic value as ripe fruit.

Fire bugs have created a reign of terror in Bairdstown, O. All the prominent buildings have been burned by incendiaries and many residents have their goods packed ready to move. The citizens are suspicious of each other, and armed men are patrolling the streets on the watch for incendiaries.

The corn area of the country this season is a half million acres more than last year, and the average condition of corn thus far is 93.1.

In twenty-five years of crop reporting by the department of agriculture, no July report of the oat crop has ever been so low as the present.

Grange News and Notes.

—*To the Patrons of Maine:* The fall and winter campaign is just opening, and active work will at once begin to increase membership, and make the meetings interesting. As a help to this end, we offer this column for any item of news Grange officials, or members, may feel to forward to this office. The entire column is reserved for Grange notes, provided the patrons will use it. Send along any item of interest, a brief abstract of papers presented and discussions held, and the sum total of all labor will surely advance the best interests of the order throughout the State. Give the *Farmer* a regular report of what you are doing.

—At the Grove meeting at Fryeburg, State Master Bowen of Conn., said: "Patrons, to make politics take care of your business, make it your business to take care of politics." This is the line on which we should be at work. Are we there, ready for action?

—The next meeting of Sagadahoc County Grange will be held with Bodwell Grange, at Small Point, Phipsburg, Wednesday, August 27th.

—Capital Grange, after its vacation during haying, resumed regular sessions last Saturday night. The officers are planning an active campaign the coming winter.

—Kennebec County Grange will meet with Albion Grange, Wednesday, the 13th inst., at 10 of the clock in the forenoon. Grange opened in the fifth degree, at 10.30; conferring degrees and the other regular business; recess for dinner; Grange opened in fourth degree at 1.30; short address by Worthy Master True; address of welcome by a sister of Albion Grange; response by Bro. H. H. Snell of Riverside; discussion, opened by Bro. Meader of Albion: "*Resolved*, That we can do no better with our hay crop than to feed it to dairy cows;" Bro. Meader to be followed by Bro. G. E. Minot of Belgrade, and Bro. Colburn of Windsor, in the affirmative, and Bro. Watson of Oakland, Bro. Barton of Windsor, and Bro. Tilly of Sidney, in the negative, followed by such brothers and sisters as have a word to say or a speech to make. Come, brothers and sisters, let us go to Albion and have a real bang-up good time. Especially let me urge the brothers designated to speak on the question, to be on hand. PER ORDER.

Aug. 1.

—At the last meeting of Fryeburg Grange a class of nine was instructed in the third and fourth degrees. There were eighty-three members present and a good degree of interest manifested. The programme for the next meeting was announced by the Lecturer as follows: Extracts from the addresses of our worthy State Lecturer and worthy Bro. Bowen, Master of the Connecticut State Grange, delivered at the Chautauqua grounds on "Grange Day," July 31, by the worthy Master. Statements of experiences of the season in planting, sowing and also cutting and curing hay, by several of the Brothers, to be followed by discussions. "The Grange Echo," by Sister Georgia Bradley. The store business having increased beyond the capacity of our present building, it was voted to have the room in lower story of hall and fit it up for a store. Much pleasure was expressed by all who were able to hear the lectures of our worthy Brothers on Grange Day. Many were prevented from attending by the urgency of their duties at home and by the threatening aspect of the sky, others who had reached the grounds got so thoroughly wet that they were obliged to go home without stopping to hear the lectures. But every member of the Order who was present expresses immense satisfaction, and the universal sentiment seems to be that the day was conducive of adding much to the interest already manifested in the order. It is to be hoped that the day may become permanent, and that patrons all through the State may come to look upon it as a part of our regular yearly programme. The attendance for the day was good this year, and by a little effort can be made much larger in years to come. Let the good work of the Order go on, until its influence is felt more powerfully than at present, both in uplifting its members and in shaping legislation in favor of the farmer.

—Let the Subordinate Granges of Maine urge the members to fearlessly use the freeman's ballot for the best interests of agriculture, working always to purify and remedy the evils within the several organizations.

—Agriculture gives this nation its only riches. With this fact before us the Grange as the farmers' organization must assume the protection of this wealth. To do this the standard must be raised to a comprehension of the magnitude of the question.

—If farmers are to come to the front in public matters, they must through Grange work learn the duties and assume the responsibilities of leaders.

—Those who have stood by the Grange, participated in the discussions, and been stimulated to keep pace with the thought of the day upon public matters, are prepared to discuss the important issues of the day and wield an influence in the social and political field.

—The good word is received that Bro. L. F. Ford, the efficient County Deputy of Lincoln county, has just reorganized Jefferson Grange, with flattering prospects for immediate growth. Also that Whitefield Grange has added seventeen to its membership this year, with more to come in the near future.

ALMOST A CYCLONE. Thursday, the 31st day of July, brought the most fearful wind known in this part of the State. The storm struck Bonney Eagle about 4 P. M., carrying before it everything that was movable. Oaks and pines two feet in diameter were twisted off at the roots, boards and shingles were stripped from the mill. At the house of Thomas Sawyer, residing near West Buxton, the top of the chimney was blown to the ground. At West Buxton it damaged the roof of the covered bridge across the Saco considerably; about seven feet of chimney on the store of A. K. P. Lord, was demolished. At Waterman's Mills, it visited the place of Mr. Chas. Waterman, who had almost finished a new carriage house; the building was carried about 150 feet, and entirely demolished. It next paid its respects to the barn of Edwin Childs, leaving it minus a roof. Mr. James Waterman lost about 40 chickens. Fruit trees are damaged very badly; small pines were slaughtered terribly. This storm was by far the worst of its kind this place ever knew.

Bonney Eagle.

A Chicago special says that reports are coming from the West and Northwest regarding the condition of the corn and wheat crops, in consequence of the drought. The secretary of the Kansas state agricultural department says that the corn in his state has suffered immense damage last week by the hot and dry weather, and that if such conditions are general, the trouble will amount to almost a national calamity. The correspondent of a Chicago firm says it is estimated that the corn crop of Kansas this year will not exceed 50,000,000 bushels. This is much the lowest estimate yet, and it may well excite alarm. If it be correct, little shortage will be required in the other States to justify the claim made by an expert that the corn crop of the United States will be 365,000,000 bushels short. Reports from Nebraska regarding the corn crop are no more favorable.

The Kennebec Steamboat Company will make a Special Day trip to Boston, on Monday, August 11th, from Bath, leaving there upon arrival of early morning trains over the M. C. and K. & L. R. R., and Boothbay steamers. They will also make the regular trip on Monday evening, the steamer waiting at Gardiner until arrival of Jewett's train from Waterville, and at Bath until arrival of trains from Lewiston and Brunswick. Fare for round trip from Bath, $1.75; Boothbay, $2.25; Richmond, $2.25; Gardiner, Hallowell and Augusta, $2.50. These tickets will continue on sale the 11th, 12th, 14th and 15th, good to return on either steamer up to the 18th, inclusive.

The number of applications already filed for pensions under the new law exceeds 260,000. It is probable that the total will be more than half a million. As each successful application will involve the payment of ten dollars out of the treasury to the claim agent who files the paper, it will readily be seen that these enterprising speculators may have five million, and certainly not less than three million dollars to divide among themselves.

What might have proved a serious matter, is reported as occurring in the State Prison at Thomaston, last week. The funeral services of a convict were taking place in the chapel, when a convict named Quimby sprang to his feet, shouting "Down with the bullies!" He was followed by several others, but the warden and his assistants were too quick for the men and soon had the ringleaders in limbo.

There is one State official said to live in Bangor who cannot be accused of undue extravagance. He, according to the *Whig*, can be seen on the street daily exhibiting a straw hat which he has worn since 1859, and which is now nearly as good as new. It is doubtful if this gentleman will be allowed to make a precedent fixing the natural age of straw hats at 31 years, however.

A robbery of $4,000 worth of stamps from the post office was discovered at Newport, R. I., between 12 and 1 o'clock Monday afternoon. They were kept in a safe and they are believed to have been taken by a suspicious looking man, who probably took the train for Boston.

The vicissitudes of climate are trying to most constitutions, especially to people having impure blood. For all such (and they constitute the majority), the best safeguard is Ayer's Sarsaparilla, the use of which cleanses the blood and strengthens and invigorates the system.

City News.

—Many ride for the fun of it on the electric cars, and they get lots of fun at a small price.

—A gentleman in this city is wearing pants forty-five years old. That man is death on tailors.

—Mr. Ed. Percival lost a valuable mare, the mother of the large colt Daisy, by colic, on Friday night.

—The coolest place in the city is the Kennebec bridge. A nice draught of air there all the time.

—Mr. Howe, who, about two weeks ago, was shockingly burned by a premature blast at Oliver's ledge, is doing nicely.

—C. B. Savage of this city, has sold his horse Freedom S., to John Horn of Oakland, for $800.

—The brick lining of the underpinning and the first floor of the new office of the Edwards Company have been laid.

—Rev. Dr. Ricker and wife, and Ex-Mayor Philbrook and wife are spending a fortnight at Hammond's Grove.

—Rev. J. S. Williamson and wife go to Bristol, Me., for a month. Mr. Williamson will return to occupy his pulpit, the first Sunday in September.

—There will be no examinations by the Pension Board, next week, as they have been granted leave of absence, to attend the Grand Army Encampment at Boston.

—Miss Pauline Johnson, daughter of Mr. Chas. B. Johnson, who is proving herself a fine musician, has been engaged as organist of Christ church, Gardiner.

—Twenty-five weavers with their families have arrived in this city from Fall River. They were driven away from Fall River by a contemplated shut-down, and came to the Edwards mill, where business is good.

—With their new fronts, the stores of Messrs. Doughty and Simmons and the *New Age* office present a very fine appearance. Water street is certainly getting to be the handsomest street in the city.

—Master Ernest Burns, son of Albert J. Burns of Ward 4, is but 14 years of age, but this hay season he drove a two-horse, 4½ feet cut mower, and in five hours cut over six acres, from which nine two-horse loads were taken.

—Pastor I. G. Ross of the Methodist church, is not only a fisher of men, but of fishes, as well. He recently returned from a trip to Monhegan, constituting a party of nine that cleared the handsome sum of $504 catching mackerel.

—A report on the streets, Tuesday afternoon, that Benj. Woods' farm buildings were in flames, proved to be inaccurate, but the house of his nearest neighbor, John Gould, on the Townsend road, was burned. It was hard work to save the building near by, owned by Chas. H. Davis. The house burned was owned by J. H. Nichols; partially insured.

—The State convention of the Young People's Society of Christian Endeavor, which is to be held in this city, in September, promises to be the largest and most successful ever held. President F. E. Clark and Secretary Baer of the United Union, Dr. Greene of the People's church, Boston, and many other prominent men will attend. Special attention is being given to music and a large chorus choir will participate. There will be a reception by the Governor at the State House.

—Monday morning, one of Dr. Brickett's horses attached to a heavy wagon and driven by a young man in the Dr.'s employ, got the advantage of his driver when coming down Bridge hill, and, clearing from the wagon, ran full speed across Water street upon the bridge, the whiffletree striking his heels all the way, till he met a heavy coal cart, the hind wheel of which he struck with sufficient force to spring the axle, then passed on up the hill and finally stopped in a stable.

—The Augusta Savings Bank has now completed its forty-second year, having been established in 1848. The officers elected at the annual meeting held the 6th inst., are as follows: William S. Badger, Thomas Lambard, Artemas Libbey, Samuel Titcomb, Joseph H. Manley, Trustees. The total amount of deposits Aug. 1, 1890, are $5,231,938.19; number of depositors, 10,121; reserved fund, $255,000; cash surplus, not including premium on investments, $79,961.45; whole amount of dividends paid depositors, $3,216,815.84.

—We are glad to announce that W. A. Greenough & Co., of Boston and Portland, publishers of the Augusta, Hallowell and Gardiner directory, have commenced their canvass for a new edition of the work. An experienced corps of men are compiling the statistics. The importance of the work is well known and the merchants and business men will undoubtedly take hold as before, and sustain it. The new directory, we doubt not, will show a large increase in the number of names of our business men, and a corresponding growth in the business of the city.

—Mr. Day, the electrician of the railroad between here and Gardiner, informs us that everything is working with wonderful success. The need of more power was felt, and this is being constantly added, so that the cars may run on schedule time. Last Sunday more passengers were carried than ever before on one day. Since its advent, 3000 persons have been transported daily, and the business is so rushing that more cars will have to be procured. It looks as if the enterprise would prove a bonanza to the owners, and inquiries are made for stock. None is in the market.

—A serious smash-up accident occurred on Rines' Hill, Friday evening, in which two teams collided, and the people in both teams were thrown violently out, the horses running away, and when caught, had pretty well demolished one vehicle and damaged the other. Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Hallett were driving down the hill when the breeching of the harness broke, frightened the horse, which plunged and kicked, pulling one rein from Mr. Hallett's hand, the result being the collision with Capt. Thatcher's team. Both wagons were overturned and the occupants spilled. In Thatcher's team were two children, a little boy and girl. None of the party were injured.

ACCIDENTS. While Mr. and Mrs. Jonathan Blake of Norway, were riding, Sunday, the thill bolt broke, and caused them to be thrown from their carriage. Mrs. Blake had her arm broken and back seriously injured. Mr. Blake escaped injury.——While swimming in the river at Bangor, Saturday evening, Winfield Bachelder was drowned, presumably from cramps. The body was not recovered. He leaves a widow. He was about 28 years old.——A sad drowning accident occurred at Indian Point, Georgetown, Friday night. A son of Rev. A. W. Moore, Walter G., aged 19, of Lynn, was found lifeless in the water. His clothes were near by. The family are summering at the Point.——Thomas Hamel of Portland, was thrown from a city team, Thursday, and killed instantly. He leaves a widow and seven children.——Frank Mayo is the last victim of the well known molding machine at the shoe factory at Norway. While fixing a sole, Wednesday, his fingers were caught and so badly crushed that amputation of one of the middle fingers was necessary. It is hoped the others may be saved.——William Welt of Waldoboro, while at work rigging a vessel at Round Pond, Monday, fell to the deck, a distance of 54 feet, cutting his right foot badly, but receiving no other serious injuries. It was a narrow escape from death.——The eighteen years old son of William Moulton was drowned in a pond at North Saco, Sunday afternoon, while bathing. He fell off a log and could not swim.——Capt. Barrett, of the schooner Josie Hook, at Boston, from Bangor, reports at 8, Monday night, Henry Davis, belonging in Bangor, accidentally fell overboard and was drowned. The schooner hove to, and every effort was made to save him.——Miss Addie Potter of Lisbon Falls, was drowned in the Little Androscoggin River, Saturday.

FIRES IN MAINE. The farm buildings occupied by S. Billington, situated on the road leading from Temple village to West Farmington, were burned, Friday afternoon.——Fire broke out, Monday morning, Aug. 4, in the house of Joseph Harris, Jr., at Lisbon Falls, and it was completely burned to the ground. There was quite a delay in giving the alarm, so that when the fire engine got there it was too late. The family saved nothing, and are left quite destitute.——Fire damaged the lower freight depot, at Lewiston, cars and freight considerably, Monday night. Cause unknown. Loss to railroad covered by insurance; other losses not yet known.

METEOROLOGICAL. An abstract of the Meteorological Observations taken at the Maine State College of Agriculture and the Mechanic Arts, for the month of July, 1890:

Lat. 44° 54' 2" N.; Lon. 68° 40' 11" W.
Altitude above the sea, 129 feet.

	1890.		1889.
Mean temperature	68°.17		68°.41
Maximum temperature	86°.4		88°.4
Minimum temperature	45°.6		48°.1
Mean of warmest day, 30th	75°.3	31st,	73°.1
Mean of coldest day, 18th	57°.3	24th,	59°.8
Mean percentage of cloudiness,	.53		.56
Amount of rain	3.84 in.		3.25 in.

DIRECTION AND FORCE OF WINDS.

1890—N. W. & W., .30; S. W. & S., .35; S. E. & E., .22; N. E. & N., .13.
1889—N. W. & W., .31; S. W. & S., .33; S. E. & E., .16; N. E. & N., .19.

	1890.	1889.
Mean height of barometer in inches	29.874	29.857
Maximum height of barometer in ins.	30.138	30.206
Minimum " " "	29.565	29.548
Mean humidity of the atmosphere	.80	.80

If you had taken two of Carter's Little Liver Pills before retiring you would not have had that coated tongue or bad taste in the mouth this morning. Keep a vial with you for occasional use.

Kennebec County News.

—About 400 tons of hay have been cut at the National Soldiers' Home.

—The library of Colby University now numbers 25,000 books, besides a large collection of pamphlets. The interior of the chapel has been touched up with the paint brush.

—William McMann of New York city, who is staying in Winthrop, was badly injured by a fall, Friday. Mr. McMann was in a barn at the time, and a hayfork penetrated his leg near the knee.

—It is understood that the entire property connected with the North Vassalboro woolen mills, was, on Thursday, transferred to Mr. Samuel Williams of Boston, and that the mills will start up at once. The people there all hope this is true.

—Ex-Sheriff McFadden of Waterville, has received the appointment of U. S. Assistant Commissioner of Emigration on the eastern border of the State, and will be located at either Calais or Eastport, as he prefers.

—A gentleman who rode up the Kennebec, Monday, counted 71 vessels mostly schooners, in the river between Richmond and Gardiner bridge. The ice industry makes lots of business, and the hot season is a perfect bonanza to the dealers and shippers.

—The Wayne Woolen Mill Company has just been organized, in Wayne, to operate a mill which has been idle two years. The capital stock is $50,000. Improvements will be made, and operations will begin soon. And this is good news to the long suffering people of Wayne.

—Two valuable St. Bernard dogs, belonging to Mr. Joseph Richards, while playing in the freight yard at the Maine Central station, Gardiner, last week, were run over by a passing train, and killed. One of them, "Merchant Prince," was a prize winner, and both were finely bred, handsome animals.

—Hon. L. T. Carleton, Henry W. Longfellow, a Massachusetts merchant, and Deputy Sheriff Berry, spent last week in northern Maine, fishing. They captured a thousand trout. On the return, Mr. Carleton missed his pocketbook, containing $150 in money and papers of $800 more. Mr. Carleton's money and papers have been discovered in a room at a house occupied by Mr. Carleton in Dixfield, Friday night.

—On Monday we found Maj. Rowell, Superintendent of the Industrial School, Hallowell, engaged in draining the low, marshy place near the buildings, preparatory to making an artificial pond, in place of it. This can be easily done, as there is a nice clay bottom for the foundation. The pond will be handsomely bordered, and will serve as an ornament and for use. In the winter it will be utilized by the girls as a skating park.

—Dr. C. P. Small, of Portland, has just been appointed second assistant surgeon at the Soldiers' Home at Togus. Dr. Small is the son of Rev. Dr. A. K. P. Small, pastor of the First Baptist Church, Portland, and a brother of President Small, of Colby University. He is a graduate of Colby University and of the Maine Medical School. Since graduating he has secured a position on the staff of surgeons of the Maine General Hospital.

—E. S. Forrest's five years old bay stallion Actor, of Riverside, took third money in the race for green horses, at Augusta, last Wednesday. We think he did pretty well, under the circumstances; he never was in a race before, and has only been in the trainer's hands about two weeks. He is developing speed very fast, and is sure to make his mark in the near future, if nothing happens to him. Mr. Forrest has reason to feel somewhat elated over the first effort of his fine horse.

—The other evening, Mr. George Butler was driving down Elm street, Waterville, with a two seated wagon containing several women and children. When nearly opposite Dr. Hanson's residence, he was met by Mrs. Frank Sturtevant and little boy. It being quite dark under the trees in that locality, one of the drivers did not turn out sufficiently, and the carriages locked together with a crash. Mr. Butler was thrown out, as was also Mrs. Sturtevant and son. Mrs. Sturtevant was quite badly bruised, and had her wrist sprained.

—A very pleasant silver wedding was that of Mr. and Mrs. George. H. Ames, at Chelsea, the other evening. Among the many valuable presents was a plush-velvet parlor suit. The presentation speech was made by Sheriff G. T. Stevens of Augusta. The grounds were illuminated, and vocal and instrumental music, with general conversation and a good time, passed the evening very pleasantly. Ice cream and cake were served. Mr. Ames has been deputy sheriff for six years, and in that time has caused to be brought to justice, nearly 400 criminals, and has served over 1000 precepts, and is an able, conscientious and efficient officer.

—At the last Probate Court in this county, the following wills were proved, approved and allowed: Of Isaac Bowman of Sidney; Howard R. Bowman and Henry A. Bowman of Sidney, appointed Executors. Of Guy Turner, Augusta; Julia A. Turner, Augusta, appointed Executrix. Of Mary Jane Dyer, Sidney, Louisa S. Jackson of Winthrop, appointed Executrix. Orrin F. Sproul of China, was appointed Administrator on the estate of Robert Sproul of Windsor; F. P. Haviland of Waterville, Administrator on the estates of Philip W. Williams and Addie A. York, both of Waterville; Lorenzo S. Clark of Pittston, Administrator on the estate of Pamelia Dearborn of Pittston; Geo. E. Marr of China, Administrator on the estate of Lydia W. Marr of China; Ann Maria Mace of Readfield, Administratrix on the estate of her husband, Francis H. Mace of Readfield. Charles C. Hunt of Augusta, was appointed Guardian of Cora B. Estabrook of Augusta; Henry M. Pishon of Augusta, Guardian of Gracie E. Emery of Augusta; Wm. Keeler of Belgrade, Guardian of Mamie E. Hickie of Belgrade.

HORSE NOTES AND RACES. Saturday's races at Lewiston proved to be all that was expected, save, perhaps that the time made was not as fast as some desired to see. Early Bird, the remarkable four-year-old, owned by Dr. Drake of Pittsfield, with a record of 2.21¼ made this season, was to try a half mile track for the first time, and those who wished to see this colt on Maine tracks, were anxious to see how he fitted into the shorter turns and stretches. The day's sport opened with the 2.38 class having 11 starters.

2.38 CLASS—PURSE $250, DIVIDED.

J H Grout, Boston, c m Lady Shaw	2	1	1	1
J H Twombly, Auburn, b m Lucky	1	2	2	4
A C Taylor, Lewiston, g g Almont Clay	5	4	3	2
Alonzo Libby, Saccarappa, b s Guy Wood	3	3	4	3
L P Richardson, Norway, b s Capt Wedgewood	4	5	8	7
C H Walker, Fryeburg, b g Mack	6	6	7	5
B M Smith, Belfast, b s Young Gideon	7	9	10	10
L C Ryerson, Auburn, b m Alice Oates	8	8	6	6
E B Gilman, Waterville, b s General Hancock	9	10	9	8
S Witham, Waterville, b s Frank S.	11	7	5	9
G M Parks, Canton, b s Macbeth	10	11	dr	

Time—2.34¼, 2.36½, 2.37¼, 2.37.

Of the eight named in the free-for-all, five dropped out, and the first three heats were closely and evenly contested, Free Trade winning, but with nothing to spare. Summary:

FREE-FOR-ALL—PURSE $500, DIVIDED.

G W Leavitt, Boston, r s Early Bird	2	3	1	1	7
T D Marsh, Great Falls, N H Free Trade	1	1	3	3	3
J M Wilson, Lowell, ch g Arthur Wilkes	3	2	2	2	2

TIME.

Heats.	Quarter.	Half.	Three-quar.	Mile.
First	35½	1.13¼	1.49¾	2.26¼
Second	36½	1.13¾	1.49¾	2.27¾
Third	37½	1.15¾	1.52¼	2.29
Fourth	38¼	1.25	1.51¾	2.28
Fifth	38	1.15	1.52¾	2.29¾

CUMBERLAND COUNTY FAIR. The following programme for the Cumberland County Fair at Gorham, has been arranged:

Tuesday, September 2—10 A. M., trial of strength of draft oxen; 1 P. M., trial of strength of draft horses; 2 P. M., trotting. No. 1, purse $150 for three minute class; No. 2, purse $50 for one-year-olds; No. 3, purse $200 for 2.35 class.

Wednesday, September 3.—9 A. M., Examination of all neat stock, sheep and swine. All committees to be prepared to examine their several classes at this time. 10 A. M., trial of strength of draft oxen, 6 feet, 10 inches, and under 7 feet, 2 inches in girth; also of oxen classed 7 feet, 2 inches and under 7 feet, 6 inches girth. 10 A. M., gentlemen's driving horses; purses, $25, $15 and $10. 1 P. M., free to all draft oxen classed under 7 feet, 2 inches in girth. 2 P. M., trotting. No. 4, purse $125 for four-year-olds; No. 5, purse $100 for three-year-olds; No. 6, purse $150 for 2.40 class.

Thursday, September 4.—9 A. M., trial of strength of draft oxen 7 feet, 6 inches, and all over; 10 A. M., free to all draft oxen, 7 feet, 2 inches and over; ladies' competition for speed in harnessing and driving horses to take place on the track. 11 A. M., Grand cavalcade of all premium stock. All premium stock and horses must appear in this cavalcade to be entitled to their premiums. 2 P. M., trotting. No. 7, purse $150 for 2.50 class; No. 8, purse $75 for two-year-olds; No. 9, purse $500 open to all horses in the 2.30 class.

All entries except those for the trotting horse department will close August 28th.

Editor's Table.

The numbers of *The Living Age* for July 26th and August 2d, contain The Poetry of John Donne; Mute Witnesses of the Revolution; Charles the Twelfth; a Memoir, by the King of Sweden; The First General Election in Japan; My Islands, and Nero and St. Benedict; Early Days Recalled; The Sultan of Turkey; Wasted Solar Heat; Notes of a Pilgrimage, The Spring Habits of British Quadrupeds, and The Cliff Dwellers of Colorado; with instalments of "Marcia," "A Waltz of Chopin," and "The Empty Compartment," and poetry. For fifty-two numbers of sixty-four large pages each (or more than 3,300 pages a year), the subscription price ($8) is low; while for $10.50 the publishers offer to send any one of the American $4.00 monthlies or weeklies with *The Living Age* for a year, both postpaid. Littell & Co., Boston, are the publishers.

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During a heavy thunder storm at Caribou, Tuesday night, A. Lewis, an elderly man, and a shoemaker by trade, was struck by lightning and killed. A barn belonging to Mr. Joel Ireland was struck and burned. It was insured. A valuable cow belonging to Mr. Ireland was killed. Not ten minutes before the lightning struck her, she had been milked by an elderly gentleman named Duell. He was only a short distance from the barn when the flash came. Both Mr. and Mrs. Ireland are away visiting friends.

At the annual meeting of the Isle of Springs Association, at the Island, Saturday night, with one exception, the officers were re-elected, Dr. H. C. Bradford taking the place of Prof. Files on the board of directors. The officers are: President, Dr. Orrin A. Horr, Lewiston; vice president, E. A. Thompson, Dover; secretary, M. S. Campbell, Augusta; treasurer, H. Wesley Hutchins, Auburn; directors, Dr. O. A. Hoar, George M. Coombs, Dr. H. C. Bradford, Lewiston, Rev. J. B. Jordan, Dr. B. T. Sanborn, John W. Chase, Esq., Augusta, S. S. Hersey, Hon. George C. Wing, Dr. B. F. Sturgis, Auburn.

Sunday afternoon, Harmidas Harel, Wm. Couture and a man named Cote all of them well known in Lewiston, where they have worked, went out in a boat on Sabattis river at Lisbon. The boat was small and unsafe and they were heavy men. Couture is the famous strong man who has lifted dumb bells and done other feats of strength before audiences in Lewiston and Lisbon and is said to be the strongest man in Maine. The cockle-shell of a craft, so small that boys could tip it over on the bank, upset with the men and Cote and Harel were drowned. As is sometimes the case, the man who could not swim was able to save himself and Couture, the strong man, floundered to the shore in some way that he cannot explain and gave the alarm.

While the schooner Georgie Bird, Capt. Grey, was lying at Tilson's wharf in Rockland, Monday, a young man named James Leonards, brother of one of the sailors, came aboard and began to insult the captain. Both Leonards and his brother were intoxicated. While the dispute was in progress, Earnest Grey, the captain's son, appeared on the scene, and he came in also for a share of the insults. Later on, Grey met both men on the wharf and, meeting more abuse, went for them, giving each a terrible beating. James was found on the wharf by police officers about four o'clock, in a semi-unconscious condition and blood flowing freely. His brother went aboard the vessel, which was at once hauled off. The affair will be investigated. Leonards' exact condition is unknown.

There was much excitement and nearly a conflagration in Mason, Sunday. George D. Morrill and wife went home from meeting and built a fire in their house. Soon afterward they went out to the garden to pick some peas for dinner. While they were there they saw there was more smoke than usual at the house. Mr. Morrill rushed in and found the upper part filled with smoke, and a lot of clothes in a closet were on fire. Mrs. Morrill ran to some of the neighbors for help. As soon as possible they came, and by free use of water the fire was extinguished and the buildings saved from destruction. Mr. Morrill was so overcome with excitement, heat and the smoke taken into his lungs, that he was in great distress and for some time almost insensible. At last accounts he was more comfortable.

The Webster Paper company are pushing work vigorously on their new paper mill at Orono. The excavations are all made, the foundations are well advanced and the laying of brick has begun. The plans designed by D. H. & A. B. Tower, the well known pulp and paper mill architects, Holyoke, Mass., call for a main mill 72x209; a finishing room 52x120; and a boiler house 40x50. The mill buildings are to be of brick and stone and their equipment will include a 96-inch paper machine and a 110-inch paper machine, both from Rice, Barton and Fales. There will be 75 horse power engines to run the machines, and two 48-inch Hercules wheels. In summer, sawdust will be burned, and in winter mill wood. The company have a piling ground with a capacity of 4000 cords. The crew at work numbers about 80. The Maine Central railroad have just finished putting in a side track.

Mary, the seven-years-old child of William Mannahan, was drowned in the river at Biddeford, Sunday afternoon. The body was recovered within an hour. Suspicion of murder is entertained by City Marshal Tarbox, who caused Mannahan's arrest, to await the coroner's inquest. The child was drowned within sight of the wharves, and witnesses have been found who testify that Mannahan threw the child into the river. He was in a boat with four children, three of whom were his own. He was drunk. Little Mary Crowley, one of the party in the boat, says the child's father held Mary over the side of the boat and said, "Mary, now is a good time to drown you," at the same time letting her fall. The other children screamed and several boating parties came to the rescue. After the child had gone down a third time the father jumped overboard, seemingly to save the child, but it is now believed he intended suicide. Mannahan is still in jail. A coroner's inquest will be begun at once. A large number of witnesses will be summoned at the inquest. Mannahan denies that he drowned the child, and his other two children say she was leaning over and fell in.

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A Johnstown, Pa., paper prints a list of the victims of the terrible flood last year, giving the number as 2,187 which, if correct, leaves over 200 bodies not recovered.

The election in Alabama, Monday, for Governor, other State officers and members of the legislature passed off quietly. Advices from all portions of the State indicate a sweeping democratic majority.

Charles Loring of Boston, is under arrest in Chicago for bigamy and forgery. Loring is 30 years old and alleged to have five wives living, the full list of the women he has victimized being 12.

Jeremiah Miller, a wood-chopper living in a lonely cabin on North Mountain, eight miles north of Mechanicsburg, Penn., shot and mortally wounded his wife, Wednesday, and then killed himself. Jealousy was the cause.

The majority report of the House committee on elections in the contested case of Goodrich and Buller from the Second Florida district, has been submitted to the House. The committe decide that Goodrich is entitled to the seat.

The comptroller of the currency has declared the tenth dividend, 62 per cent., in favor of the creditors of the Pacific National Bank of Boston, Mass., making in all 89 per cent. on the claims proved amounting to $2,397,110.

The storm in Iowa, Sunday, was much worse than first reported. Nearly everything in its path was destroyed. Houses were blown down, horses and cattle killed, and crops are ruined. Hailstones as large as hens' eggs fell to a depth of two feet.

A dispatch, on Tuesday, from the City of Mexico, says internal dissensions have broken out in the eastern portion of Guatemala. The insurrectionary movement is headed by General Barrillas, whose father was declared a traitor by Barillas two years ago and exiled.

A special from Marfas, Texas, says that State Ranger, J. F. Graves was shot and instantly killed and Deputy Sheriff J. Lee, seriously wounded by a gang of drunken Mexicans, early Monday morning. The firing was returned. One Mexican was killed and several wounded.

Fred and Andrew Raymond, aged 10 and 12 respectively, children of A. F. Raymond of New York, together with Maggie, the 17 year-old daughter of Matthew McVeigh, a farmer of Brattleboro, Vt., were drowned, Saturday afternoon. Mr. McVeigh was trying to rescue the two boys.

A tremendous storm of hail and rain passed over the southern end of Rockingham county, Va., Saturday evening. Corn was cut down by the hail, trees uprooted by the wind, fences finally torn up and many small bridges washed away. The damage was very large.

The Chief of Police in San Salvador, is Dr. Fitch, an American. He was formerly an engine driver in Maine, then he was graduated in Boston, and finally he went to Guatemala as a railroad surgeon. After that he entered the Guatemala army as surgeon, and subsequently rose to the rank of colonel, retiring finally to accept the office of Chief of Police at San Salvador.

U. S. Senator John P. Jones of Nevada, while on his way from the hotel to the Pennsylvania Railroad, Monday, at New York, lost a bag containing registered railroad bonds valued at $15,000. Later, the driver of an express wagon found the bag under the wheels of a truck and brought it to the hotel, whither the Senator had returned. The driver restored the bonds to him and was given $20.

Saturday afternoon, George T. Davis of Acuxnet, near New Bedford, Mass., with his wife, four children and a hired boy named Frates, went for a sail in Buzzard's Bay. Off West Island the boom struck Frates, knocking him overboard. Davis, while attempting to rescue Frates, became exhausted and drowned in sight of his wife and children. The bodies were not recovered.

The great Leary raft arrived at Hampsted Bay, south side of Long Island, at 5 P. M., Tuesday, and came to anchor for the night. A high southerly wind prevented the making of the harbor. The raft contained 17 sections, each 100 feet long, 25 feet deep and 35 feet wide. It had been towed by incoming vessels, that four sections were lost before the raft rounded Cape Cod. The remaining 13 sections are in fairly good shape.

The New Orleans *Picayune's* Austin, Texas, special says that millions of caterpillars have invaded the fields in that section of Texas, and planters and farmers are busy poisoning them. They are reported very bad also in Travis county, where fears may be that the cotton crop of this State will be seriously injured. The pests are at least three weeks earlier than usual, and they are here in great numbers and make the atmosphere very offensive with their peculiar odor.

John B. Day of Evansville, Ind., was arrested on a charge of having placed two dynamite cartridges each eight inches long, in a shock of wheat. As it was about to be placed in a thresher the sheaf fell apart and the cartridges dropped out, thus providentially avoiding a tragedy, as there were six men at work and all would undoubtedly have been killed. Two months ago, Day eloped with a 13-year-old girl, but was overtaken and warned to keep away from the child. He swore vengeance against the father, and Tuesday he thought he had his revenge. He bought the cartridges and placed them in the rye, expecting that they would be fed into the machine by the girl's father. The indignation against Day is very great and fears are entertained that he may be lynched.

Adam Young, a tramp telegraph operator, was dragged through the streets of Racine, Wis., Sunday, with a rope around his neck, by an enraged mob that was looking for a place to hang him. He is about 26 years of age, says his home is in Romaine ville, Ind. He arrived in town in search of work, but got drunk and went around begging for food. He applied at the house of Rev. Father Fessler. The priest ordered him off the premises, but instead of going he attacked the divine. Before the latter could dodge, the tramp struck him on the neck. The priest ran out of the back door with Young in pursuit. He was overtaken by his assailant, knocked down, pounded on the face and his nose mashed. By this time a crowd had collected. Some one shouted: "Hang the brute!" A rope was placed around his neck, and but for the timely arrival of policemen he would have been hanged to a large tree near by.

The Glen Line steamship Glenogle completed a race half around the world, Monday, with the steamship Monmouthshire and beat her. Both racers were laden with new crop teas and Japan rice, and each was mightily anxious to be the first to get the precious cargo into the port. The Monmouthshire left Hong Kong three days before the Glenogle sailed from Amoy. The Glenogle overtook her rival at the mouth of the Red Sea. She passed Gibraltar on July 21, with the Monmouthshire just one day astern. She got up to her dock at the foot of Market street, New York, at 5 o'clock, Monday afternoon, and was welcomed by 500 people from the Seventh and Fourth wards, who crowded the pier. Her actual time from Amoy was forty-six days. This is three days behind the record of the Glenshiel of the same line. The Glenogle, however, is faster than the Glenshiel. She is the biggest and swiftest of the Glen line of steamers. She can make sixteen knots an hour, but on this voyage, her first to New York, she rolled off only twelve knots, as her Captain, William Edward Duke, felt pretty certain he could vanquish the Monmouthshire going at that rate, and, besides, he saved coal, having burned only fifty tons a day. The Glenogle is 450 feet long and registers 3,740 tons. She holds the record from Foo Chow to London of 91 days and 14 hours. All of her firemen are Chinese. They work cheaper and can stand much more heat than a white man. Her time from Japan was 54 days, or one day ahead of the fastest time heretofore recorded from that point by the steamship Glenshiel. The Monmouthshire is expected daily.

Merit wins, as the marvelous success of Hood's Sarsaparilla shows. It possesses true medicinal merit. Sold by all druggists.

Items and Incidents.

The largest fruit farm in West Virginia is the Becker farm near Harper's Ferry. It contains 5,000 apricot trees, 37,000 peach trees, 3,000 plum trees, 5,000 miscellaneous fruit trees, and 35,000 grape vines.

"Just as Good,"

Say some dealers who try to sell a substitute preparation when a customer calls for Hood's Sarsaparilla. Do not allow any such false statements as this induce you to buy what you do not want. Remember that the only reason for making it is that a few cents more profit will be made on the substitute. Insist upon having the best medicine—Hood's Sarsaparilla. It is Peculiar to itself.

A manufacturer of one of the standard typewriters on the market says that there are 75,000 women and 35,000 men making a living in this country by thrumming the keys of writing machines.

That distension of the stomach which many people feel after eating, may be due to insufficient mastication of the food; but, in most cases, it indicates a weakness of the digestive organs, the best remedy for which is one of Ayer's Pills, to be taken after dinner.

The tallest steeple is that of the cathedral at Ulm, Germany. It is 530 feet high.

Are free from all crude and irritating matter. Concentrated medicine only. Carter's Little Liver Pills. Very small; very easy to take; no pain; no griping; no purging. Try them.

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An Ohio lady was so frightened by a snake that her glossy black hair turned white as snow. It was soon returned to its original color by Hall's Hair Renewer.

The Hungarian miner who sold his wife last week for $100 cash, and the balance at the rate of $6 a month—gave the instalment plan a new and startling application.

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Restaurant guest—Everything you have brought me is stone cold. Poilte waiter—Here is the mustard and pepper, sah.

ADVICE TO MOTHERS.

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP should always be used for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhœa. Twenty-five cents a bottle.

Don't look at the thermometer!—But just "grin, and bear it."

Old Sol is making it hot for us again.

When Baby was sick, we gave her CASTORIA,
When she was a Child, she cried for CASTORIA,
When she became Miss, she clung to CASTORIA,
When she had Children, she gave them CASTORIA.

As the ice melts away the price goes up.

Special Announcement.

With new additions to my Drug Store, and a full line of Patent Medicines, I am prepared to fill orders promptly. Physicians' prescriptions carefully compounded. Call and see me. Yours truly, H. H. HOWARD, Augusta, Me.

With new arrangements with Dr. B. J. Kendall Co., publishers of "A Treatise on the Horse and his Diseases" which will enable all our subscribers to obtain a copy of that valuable work *free* by sending their address (enclosing a two-cent stamp for mailing same.) to Dr. B. J. KENDALL CO., Enosburgh Falls, Vt. This book is now recognized as standard authority upon all diseases of the horse, as its phenomenal sale attests, over four million copies having been sold in the past ten years, a sale never before reached by any publication in the same period of time. We feel confident that our patrons will appreciate the work, and be glad to avail themselves of this opportunity of obtaining a valuable book.

It is necessary that you mention this paper in sending for the "Treatise." This offer will remain open for only a short time.

PENSIONS. The following pensions have been granted Maine people:

INCREASE.

Salathiel D. Scely, North Ferry.
John M. Dow, Wilton Junction.
James Perkins, Presque Isle.
Silas Sinnan, Lewiston.
Benjamin F. Rhodes, South Liberty.
John McLaughlin, Castine.
Elisha G. Rich, Penobscot.
Austin Lailer, Damariscotta.
Byron Cone, Belfast.
Abraham B. Morton, Phillips.
Samuel B. Whitney, Hartford.
James Ricker, Litchfield Corner.
John Wade, Monroe.
Andrew J. Modgett, Belfast.
James M. Sanborn, North Sebago.
James H. Sypher, Bluehill.
Titus W. Tyrrey, Newport.
John A. Jordan, Stetson.
Briggs Fitch, Princeton.
George W. Ranger, Fairbanks.
William H. Severance, Bangor.
Edwin Hackett, Brunswick.
Edwin A. Pratt, Flatland.
Randall E. Humphrey, Round Pond.
Elmira, widow of Charles T. French, Norridgewock.

ORIGINAL.

Elias Davis, Warren.
Gilman W. Frost, Foxcroft.
Mark Fallow, Togus.
Nathan E. McKerson, Swanville.
Benjamin Durrell, Stratton.
Geo. H. Don, N. Jefferson.
Edwin E. Wright, Webb.
James Sennett, Mount Vernon.
Geo. O. Varney, Greenville.
Samuel Pierce, Kenduskeag.
Clay W. Matthews, Berwick.
Oscar D. Lathrop, East Wilton.
Chas. O. Varney, Dixmont.
John Woods, Portland.
Benj. R. Irish, Augusta.
Henry F. Randall, Lee.
Enoch J. Ames, South Exeter.
Francis M. Morton, East Wilton.
Newell B. Annis, Bethel.
Leonard J. Higgins, Ellsworth.
Stephen G. Monson, Lovell.
Thomas B. Sawyer, Norridgewock.
Lorenzo T. Davis, Biddeford.
Chas. E. Lord, Acton.
Geo. Dreshel, New South Mills.
John S. Cates, East Palermo.
Thomas Knowlton, Mount Desarport.
Leonard Peaslee, North Wakefield.
Edwin P. Bridges, Marion.
Orin L. Hall, Swan Island Isle.
Virgil Sweetland, Palmyra.
Webster Miller, Lisbon.
Stephen C. Hadley, Waldo.
Wm. W. Chase, Sebec.
Albert Whitcomb, Easton.
John McCormick, Livermore.
Chas. Churchill, East Belmont.
Henry Nickels, Rockland.
Geo. H. Partridge, Orland.
Henry Libby, Lewiston.
Lyman Morris, Mt. Vernon.
Timothy Kelley, Portland.
John Hancock, Pea Cove.
Levin F. Goodwin, Springfield.
Henry Ingraham, Bangor.
Geo. F. Siedman, Foxcroft.
Manuel Thomas, Mount Desert.
Jas. F. Tobin, Camden.
Albert Hasty, Bangor.
Isaac Young, Damariscotta.
Luther Clark, Rockland.
Asa Hong, Sherman.
John Lachon, Skowhegan.
Samuel Pierce, West Troy.
Walter D. Campbell, East Troy.
Perley Whittier, Chesterville.
Geo. W. Gerry, Lincolnville.
Harry Braddock, East Knox.
Lucius Libby, North Turner.
John D. McGuire, National Military Home.
Jas. L. Tobin, Lee.
Chas. H. Potter, Bridgton.
Almon H. Walker, Pittsfield.
Nathan Hamilton, Machias Harbor.
Chas. S. Thurston, Ashland.
Daniel B. Hall, Mount Searsport.
Levi Walker, Stockton.
Barzer B. Gilsden, Presque Isle.
John W. Hoag, Mason.
Jos. Mason, Unity.
Thomas Storer, Auburn.
Murray Applebe, Houlton.
Jacob B. Little, Jr., North Newry.
Alfred W. Norwood, Portland.
Alonzo Carpenter, Waterboro.
Lyman York, Garland.
Leroy S. Davis, Mapleton.
John Harriman, Bingham.
Marcellus Blair, Gouldsboro.
Hanson B. Simmons, Rockland.
Leland G. Hastings, Fort Fairfield.
Stephen H. Fark, Mapleton.
Richard W. Willey, Derryfield.
Sarah L., widow of John H. Erhart, Newfield.
Dorcas, widow of Joel W. White, West Paris.

ORIGINAL.

George Hotham, Monticello.
Hannible Houghton, Auburn.
Philander F. Wilson, Columbia Falls.
Samuel Foster, Liberty.
Henry E. White, Gardiner.

A POULTRY RANCH. In recent wanderings through Maine, I spent the night at North Berwick, under the hospitable roof of Mr. John A. Dennett of Riverside Farm. One of the finest farms in the town, and beautifully situated. From there I went to Dover, N. H., about ten miles distant, and visited the poultry ranch of Tuttle & Dennett, five men and a boy in pursuit. Mr. Dennett, two young men who about a year ago took a worn-out farm of twenty-five acres, the soil being sandy and particularly adapted to poultry raising, the start what seemed to be a successful poultry ranch. What they have done in a year only shows what wonders can be accomplished in poultry raising, when intelligence, industry, enterprise and push are put into it. They have built a fine dwelling house on an elevation, from which can be seen many villages; a hen house 200 feet long, a brooder house 100 feet long, duck house 80 feet long; have three of Rankins' largest incubators of 900-egg capacity, and a windmill to supply the ranch with water. They have at present, 1,000 young ducks, 700 chickens, and more hatching; have sold over one ton of poultry and 500 dozen of eggs. The buildings cost about $4000. They have worked hard and studied hard, as the latter is the greatest word to them in judging by what they have accomplished in a year, their success seems to be assured. *Napanock, N. Y.* M. J. R.

$100 Reward. $100.

The readers of the *Maine Farmer* will be pleased to learn that there is at least one disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages, and that is Catarrh. Hall's Catarrh Cure is the only positive cure now known to the medical fraternity. Catarrh being a constitutional disease, requires a constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system, thereby destroying the foundation of the disease, and giving the patient strength by building up the constitution and assisting nature in doing its work. The proprietors have so much faith in its curative powers that they offer One Hundred Dollars for any case that it fails to cure. Send for list of testimonials. Address

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.

Sold by Druggists, 75c.

A Newport youngster showed faith in the clergy, of the old-fashioned sort, during Tuesday night's shower. When the wind began to smash in the windows, and the air was full of dust, pebbles and sticks, the boy looked up to his father and said, "Papa, I wish the minister was here."

The Markets.

Report of Union Stock Market.

[Specially Reported for the Maine Farmer.]

WATERTOWN, Aug. 5, 1890.

Names of Drovers.	No. Cattle.	Sheep.	Veals.
I. C. Libby & Sons,	100	20	100
E. D. Dobie,		300	
W. E. Wheeler,		250	
McIntire & Son,		200	
Trafton & Philbrook,	13	450	12
B. M. Richardson,	13		23
A. W. Newcomb,	18		10

LIVE STOCK AT MARKET.

Cattle, 2,997; sheep, 11,352; hogs, 18,-908; veals, 1,676; horses, 819.

Nine hundred and twenty-four head of cattle exported from the port of Boston during the week. Prices unchanged across the water, 11½ to 12 cents being the range on best American beeves.

CONDITION OF TRADE.

Beef—No change to note in price, a wide range being noticed. Best corn fed western brought equal to 6¼ cents dressed weight; grassers, 4 to 5 cents dressed weight.

Sheep and lambs strong; ¼ cent lower. Fat sheep, 3 to 4½ cents; lambs, 4 to 6¾ cents, with bad future outlook.

Hogs—Steady for western; 4 to 4¼ cents laid down here. New England lots bring 5 cents dressed weight.

Milch cows—Certain grades are in better demand, heavy milkers, and none others. The drouth has shortened the milk supply. Milkmen now are obliged to feed cows from the stables, and it does not pay to keep light milkers. Range of prices is $10 to $60; store cows the former price.

Veal calves once more have taken a back seat. This class of meat is not fashionable in extremely hot weather. This class of stock is selling on a basis of 3 cents to 4 cents to 1 cent per lb., or $1 50 per head. Range of prices was 3 to 5 cents.

Horses—Horse trade reported very dull; the market rules the lowest for the season.

Live Poultry—About nine tons on sale in crates, price 10@12½ cts.

Working Oxen and Store Cattle—For the benefit of those intending to ship cattle to this market during the fall, we would suggest that this class of stock is not in demand, but later on will sell well, as the farmers here avow their intentions of wintering some stock and going to farming in the old fashioned way.

Wool—The market begins to show symptoms of more activity, and we think better prices will be the reward of holding on a few days. The range of prices remains unchanged.

Hay—The hay market is an enigma, but with correct management some of our choice hay will bring a good price. Some things that favor a future hay trade is the sharp advance in grain. If the corn and oat crop are cut off, as statistics now indicate, our very choice, early-cut hay, that combines both hay and grain in its nutricious quality, will sell high. The range now on the price of hay is $10 to $16.

SALES OF MAINE LIVE STOCK.

B. M. Richardson sold 16 veal calves, 1990 lbs., @4½c. His small calves @1.25 each; Trafton & Philbrook sold 2 springers, very choice, $95; 2 commons @$75; veal calves that averaged 130 lbs., @4½c.; 430 lbs. sheep and lambs, 100c. per lb; live weight; sheep at 4c., live weight; E. A. Doble sold his Province lambs at 6c., sheep at 4c; John Stuart sold his load of lambs @5½c., sheep, 4cts.; the Libby Co. sold 100 veal calves cows to one can for $1500; veals @5 cts., lambs consigned @6 cts., sheep @ 4 cts.

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Andrew J. Modgett, Belfast.
James M. Sanborn, North Sebago.
James H. Sypher, Bluehill.
Titus W. Tyrrey, Newport.
John A. Jordan, Stetson.
Briggs Fitch, Princeton.
George W. Ranger, Fairbanks.
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Thomas B. Sawyer, Norridgewock.
Lorenzo T. Davis, Biddeford.
Chas. E. Lord, Acton.
Geo. Dreshel, New South Mills.
John S. Cates, East Palermo.
Thomas Knowlton, Mount Desarport.
Leonard Peaslee, North Wakefield.
Edwin P. Bridges, Marion.
Orin L. Hall, Swan Island Isle.
Virgil Sweetland, Palmyra.
Webster Miller, Lisbon.
Stephen C. Hadley, Waldo.
Wm. W. Chase, Sebec.
Albert Whitcomb, Easton.
John McCormick, Livermore.
Chas. Churchill, East Belmont.
Henry Nickels, Rockland.
Geo. H. Partridge, Orland.
Henry Libby, Lewiston.
Lyman Morris, Mt. Vernon.
Timothy Kelley, Portland.
John Hancock, Pea Cove.
Levin F. Goodwin, Springfield.
Henry Ingraham, Bangor.
Geo. F. Siedman, Foxcroft.
Manuel Thomas, Mount Desert.
Jas. F. Tobin, Camden.
Albert

Poetry.

The City of the Living.

In a long vanished age, whose varied story
No record has to-day,
Se long ago explored its grief and glory,
There flourished, far away

In a broad realm, whose beauty passed all measure,
A city fair and wide;
Within, the dwellers lived in peace and pleasure,
And never any died.

Disease and pain and death, those stern marauders
Which mar our world's fair face,
Never encroached upon the pleasant borders
Of that bright dwelling place.

Nor fear of parting and no dread of dying
Could ever enter there;
No mourning for the lost, no anguished crying
Made any face less fair.

Without the city wall, Death reigned as ever,
And graves rose side by side;
Within, the dwellers laughed at his endeavor,
And never any died.

O, happiest of all earth's favored places!
O, bliss to dwell therein;
To live in the sweet light of loving faces,
And fear no grave between!

To feel no cruel decay, growing cold and colder,
Disputing life's every breath;
To live on—never lonelier nor older,
Exempt from death!

And hurrying from the world's remotest quarters
A tide of pilgrims flowed,
Across broad plains and over mighty waters,
To find that blessed abode.

Where never death should come between and sever
Them from their loved apart;
Where their mighty love, and will, and live forever,
Still holding heart to heart.

And so they lived in happiness and pleasure,
And grew in power and pride,
And did deeds of fame, and laid up store of treasure,
And never any died!

And many years rolled on and saw them striving,
With unabated breath,
And other years still found and left them living,
And gave no hope of death.

Yet listen, hapless soul, whom angels pity,
Craving a boon like this;
Mark how the dwellers in the wondrous city
Grew weary of their bliss.

One and another who had been concealing
The pain of life's long thrall,
Forsook their pleasant places, and came stealing
Outside the city wall.

Craving, with wish that brooked no more denying—
So long it had been crossed—
The blessed possibility of dying,
The treasure they had lost!

Daily the current of rest-seeking mortals
Swelled to a broader tide,
Till none were left within the city's portals,
And graves grew green outside.

Would it be worth the having or the giving,
The boon of endless breath?
Ah, for the weariness that comes of living
There is no cure but death.

Ours were indeed a fate deserving pity
Were that sweet rest denied,
And few, methinks, would care to find the city
Where never any died!

Our Story Teller.

JEAN'S NEW TRADE.

"Jean, O Jean!"

"Yes Dick, in just one minute. I'm almost through. There!"

And biting off her thread with a vicious snap, Jean flung down the waist on which she had been sewing, as if it had burned her fingers.

"Oh, how I hate it!" and she pressed her cool, nervous fingers on her forehead as she went out into the entry to find Dick.

"Why, what's the matter with you?" said Dick, looking at her crimson cheeks, and rumpled hair.

"Oh, nothing, only I've been sewing, and I'd rather walk ten miles and sweep twenty rooms than finish off one gown. When I'm queen of France, I am going to make round skirts and Garibaldi waists the fashion. No more plaited vests and mixed-up draperies for me!"

"I wouldn't do it!" said Dick, compassionately, while he took up the hammer awkwardly, and began looking again at the disabled chair before him.

"Would you do it? I'm not to. It's only a piece of good fortune that madame should have this work to give me, and mother lying there looking like a ghost with this little cold snap! Oh, if she could only go South this winter!"

Jean sighed; but the next minute, seizing the hammer, she exclaimed:

"What is this you're trying to do? Here, give it to me!"

And she was down on her knees before the chair.

"Oh, it's this horrid rocker. I don't know how to make it go, and Aunt Jane is grumbling because it creaks so, and says her back is broken sitting in the other one; and I had to leave that tremendous sum right in the middle, and I know I shan't get it again!"

Dick looked very disconsolate over it all.

"Well, well—there!"

And Jean gave the refractory rocker a pull, lifted the leg that was broken and driving a couple of brads firmly in and neatly, stood the chair up, shook it, and handed it over to Dick to carry it to Aunt Jane.

"Oh, Jean, you're a perfect duck of a girl! I couldn't have done it in a week."

"Of course not. Only you'd better have said 'boy of a girl.' I was meant for one; not for a seamstress, anyway?"

And Jean turned to go and see the poor little mother wrapped up in shawls, trying to make believe that she felt better toward night.

"Well, mammy?" Jean stooped down to put her hot cheeks against her mother's pale hands.

"Poor little girl; you've been sewing."

And the mother's eyes looked sorrowfully into the brown eyes resting on hers.

"Oh, yes, and a good thing, too; but I was meant to be something different—a carpenter, now—and then I should have really liked it. I enjoy hammering clean, nice wood, all day, instead of driving in a nasty, pricking, little thin needle! Aunt Jane mightn't have liked it so well, though!" and Jean laughed at the thought.

"Well, never mind her, dear; but I wish you could do something that you like better."

"I like to be your little girl, mammy," pressing the thin fingers to her lips. "And I shall like going over to Granny Brown's now for the milk, while Dick finishes his sum that Aunt Jane's chair upset so badly." With that Jean was off, putting on her hat as she went.

She was a bright little girl, this Jean, just sixteen years old, and she had graduated from the high school only two months before. She was afraid that this meant no more school for her, since times were hard at the cottage on Reid street, and Dick, now fourteen, must have his little chance, too. It was hard not to be able to keep on teaching, but Mrs. Asham's bronchial attack which had settled into a cough that was at least serious, put this thought quite out of the question. Mrs. Asham knew it. Jean said nothing, but when chance threw some little sewing in her way, she seized upon it, and quietly began to earn a few pennies.

"I can at least say pay one or two of the doctor's bills," she said to herself.

Now, the wind felt pleasant on her cheeks as she hurried along, and her eyes were lighted and shining by the time she stood in Granny Brown's kitchen, waiting for the little can of evening's milk from their Jersey.

"Yes, miss Jean, you shall have it right away, set as soon as it is strained. Sit down, dear. Oh, that worrisome door!" as one of the doors banged noisily.

"Let me shut it," said Jean, and she started toward the offending door.

"Oh, it's no use, dear, the handle is off, and it has banged just like that all day; I've got to get Mr. Jones, the carpenter, to step in and fix it to-morrow."

"Why, let me look at it. Have you got the handle here?"

"Yes, it's there on the mantelpiece; but you can't do anything with it, dear. Law sakes! There, tell me how your mother is, and don't mind that."

"Oh, she is pretty well, considering."

But Jean was already fumbling around on the floor, and presently she got up with two or three little things between her lips, and the door handle in her hand.

"There, Betty, just hold that lamp here a minute, will you? I've found the screws, and I will have this thing on in no time."

Taking her penknife out of her pocket, for Jean's pocket was always as full of everything as Dick's, she proceeded to fit in the handle, and turning the little screws with the end of her knife, she presently shut and latched the door in triumph.

"There, Granny, you won't be thinking that it's burglars now, all night, with that slamming and creaking. I've fixed it as tight as a drum."

"Well, you are a good girl, dear, if you did use to be a bit tomboy-like in your ways," said the old lady, laughing. "I guess graduating has quieted you down, and made you smart, too!"

"Granny! how unkind of you!"

But Jean laughed too, and taking the milk can, started for home at a brisk pace.

She had always been called the boy of the family, in fact, and Dick had the quieter ways and more delicate looks of their mother. But Jean had conquered pretty well the wayward spirit of romplishness, and though she was still laughed at for her queer backhanded sewing, could not be complimented upon the perfection of her hems and tucks, till she could sew, and did, and nobody knew how much of a triumph that was, except, strange to say, Aunt Jane.

Aunt Jane lived with the Ashams, paying board enough to help out the family table, trying all their souls with her eccentricities, scorning Dick's lack of practical sense, and scolding Jean for "sewing for a living," as she called it.

"But what can I do, Aunt Jane?" cried Jean, hotly protesting one day against this abuse.

"Hump!" said Aunt Jane; and then went into her room and shut the door hard.

"Well, that's a help—to her!" said Jean, and went down stairs to set the table.

* * * * * * *

"I wish, Miss Jean, that you would come over and set our curtains straight!" exclaimed the doctor one morning soon after this. He was making his regular call upon Mrs. Asham, and in pushing up the window shade, it had of course come down in his hands with a crash.

"Oh, wait a moment, don't try to do anything with it! Jean! Jean, dear!"

Jean appeared, and taking the shade from the doctor's helpless hands, proceeded much to his amazement, to mount a chair, and with less than the usual amount of fitting and muttering, rolling and unrolling to descend finally, leaving the shade at exactly the right height, and all in running order.

"You are worth your weight in medicines Miss Jean!" exclaimed the doctor, laughing. "Will you come over and put our shades in order? They are every one of them wrong, and I'll pay you five dollars to right them."

"Good," said Dick. "She'll do it, doctor; she said she wanted to be a carpenter!"

"Dick!" exclaimed Jean, scowling at him wrathfully, "you bad boy!"

"Well, I mean it, Miss Jean," said the doctor. "Will you come to-morrow morning?"

"Why, yes," said Jean, smiling again, "I'll come—for love!" she added, laughing and sure enough, the next day the doctor appeared quite early, and carried her hammer and all, to his house on the other side of the village.

"There, mother, Miss Jean has come to put all the curtains to rights."

"What do you mean, doctor? My dear child!" as Jean mounted the door-steps, tools in hand. But she presently brought out the step-ladder, and Jean set to work merrily. It was noon before she finished, and then the doctor came around and went through the form of trying each shade, ending by pronouncing their cure perfect. Then he drew out his pocket-book, and gravely handed Jean a brand new five dollar bill. Jean turned red, exclaimed and declared that she wouldn't and couldn't.

"Then, madam, Mrs. Asham gets no more calls from me!" said the doctor in a great huff and with much solemnity; and it ended in the five dollars going into Jean's pocket, willy-nilly.

"The next time, sir, I'll set my price beforehand!"

"Very well, if you will come the next time; and you can do all sorts of mending equally well!"

"Mrs. Asham," as they entered the little upstairs sitting-room a few minutes later, "I've engaged your daughter to do our family tinkering at her own price. She is to come over one afternoon a week and set us all to rights; stocks included."

Mrs. Asham smiled. "I hope she did the shades to your satisfaction, Dr. Green."

"Quite, madam, quite! It's a bargain, Miss Jean?" and Jean, who, a little tired as to arms, but very rosy and smiling, responded with an affirmative nod, and then as the doctor went away, proceeded to show her five dollars and tell her story.

"But, my!"

"Well, mamma, I really think they meant it, and of course I shan't keep all this money without doing something for it; and"—with her hands clasped behind her head—"it is such fun, so much nicer than sewing!"

Her mother smiled, and Aunt Jane coming in just then put an end to conversation.

Jean was sitting busily sewing on another terrible gown a few days after this adventure, when the door-bell rang; and presently a friendly neighbor came bounding up the stairs, bringing a glass of apple-jelly for Mrs. Asham. Having handed over this dainty to its intended owner, the stout lady dropped into a chair, and to the inquiries as to her own welfare responded with a series of doubts and difficulties. A dinner-party was on the tapis, salads were uncertain, and bread more so. "But that is all nothing compared to my last tribulation. What do you think that Bridget of mine has done, but gone and broken,—yes, broken!—a leaf of my new dining-table! I can't have it fixed, and, of course, every carpenter is out of town."

"Why, Jean," began Mrs. Asham, "can't you"

"Why, yes, of course. Mrs. James, let me go over with you. I don't believe but I can mend that leaf for you just as well as the carpenter. I did ours."

"Why, my dear, you cannot do it!"

"Yes, mamma," spoke in Dick's voice "she can! Job number two, Jean. She got five dollars for the last one."

"Dick, my dear son!" in equally remonstrant tones.

"Five dollars!" said Mrs. James, much mystified by this statement from Dick; and then of course the whole story had to come out. "Why, my dear child, I think it is beautiful. What a bright idea! You could do no end of things, and what a blessing you would be to the neighborhood! I engage you now and here to put me to rights every Saturday, you will let her, won't you, Mrs. Asham?—and please begin at once with the table!"

Amid much laughing, some protesting, and huge glee on Dick's part, the bargain was concluded. Jean started at once to collect hammer, nails and glue, and then accompanied the good lady to the scene of her difficulties.

After that it was wonderful to see how many things needed to be done in the neighborhood. Every one wanted something done, and, with a helper so near at hand, and added to that, the excitement of seeing a young girl accomplish these heretofore impossible feats of handicraft, there needed no more than a mention of the possibility to give Jean a call.

"What did you?" demanded the doctor, when the surprising news of Jean's multiplicity of engagements was confided to him. Sewing, indeed! What does a tomboy know about sewing? Give me a girl who can handle a hammer and screw driver without pinching her fingers and I'll do the sewing myself!" and he beamed at Jean, and gave sundry pats to the little head resting on his arm. "The next thing we shall be having a shop."

"Yes, a shop, a shop!" shouted Dick, hearing this suggestion from the next room, "Tinkering and Mending for Ladies!"

"Asham? you'll drive mamma crazy with your noise and nonsense. Go straight back to your book!" and Dick was pushed out of the door-way, where he planted himself, and went down stairs, softly chanting under his breath, "Family mender and tinkerer!"

But Jean had the idea. She had often made little shelves to put up in various nooks and corners about the house, and had whittled out fancy brackets for them while the other girls were embroidering Christmas tidies and birthday sachets. Jean's fingers never could hold a needle as well as a knife. Now she began to think very hard and the result was that, a few days later on, your might have seen her poking her curly brown head into Mr. Jones's carpenter shop, and finding him at his bench, walking in and confronting him with the demand of how much he charged per hour for the services of a carpenter? Mr. Jones looked a great deal surprised at this question, and answered that he never really taught anyone. "They just come in and work with me you know, miss."

Jean's face fell. "But how much would you charge for really teaching? You see, Mr. Jones," in a burst of confidence, "I have a plan and I want to learn about fitting and mending together, and I don't know where to learn. They won't have me at a training school, you know, because I am a girl, and—"

"Why, miss Asham, I'd be only too proud to show you what you want to know about, evenings, for nothing."

"Oh, I couldn't do that," stopping to think. "Isn't there something,—couldn't I help Mrs. Jones with her sewing? She must have a lot to do with all those small boys."

Mr. Jones looked down and tapped softly on the bench with his hammer. "If you really won't let me show you, miss Asham, without doing something for it, why, there's my little shaver, Jim; he wants to work up a bit with his books this vacation, so as he'll perhaps get into the next class when the fall term comes in. If"—

"Why, of course, Mr. Jones, it's the very thing, and I should like to teach him, too."

So, before Jean went home, it was all arranged that Jimmy should come to the house every other evening for help in his arithmetic and geography, and twice a week Dick was to take his books and study at the shop, while Jean sewed and hammered under the supervision of Mr. Jones. There was much curiosity and questioning at home but nobody found out about it, and the little shelves, and a neat box under her own was now kept under lock and key all the time. Jean sewed still, when any work came for her, and the mother was not neglected, but the days were all too short for her plans.

October came, and then Thanksgiving, and then the holiday occupied Jean, and in one of the big shops of the town appeared a pretty collection of dainty little tables and shelves, which seemed to go off amazingly well.

Christmas morning, there stood on Mrs. Asham's plate a little wooden box mitered and finished, and a card on which was written in Jean's hand, "From the family mender and tinkerer."

"Why, it is solid!" exclaimed Mrs. Asham, as she lifted the little box to examine it, and found it quite heavy.

"No, ma'am it will open, I guess."

Mrs. Asham lifted the cover, and her eyes fell on a pile of silver pieces snugly packed into the neat little case.

"Why, my dear child, what are they?"

"They are my tables, mammy."

And then all came out; Jean's plan and the carpentering lessons, and the little tables she had invented, of just the right size and proportions, and here were the results.

"My dear little tomboy!" murmured Mrs. Asham, between Jean's hugs and kisses. "But how did you happen to think of the thing, dear?"

"It was the training-school, mamma, that made me think of making something. Don't you know I went over with the girls one day and watched the boys at work? and it came to me then that I might learn some, how even if I wasn't allowed in the class, because I was a girl, and so I thought of Mr. Jones."

Jean's praises were sounded from all sides. Aunt Jane was away on a visit, but even she wrote back with moderate approval; it was better than the everlasting sewing at any rate.

"Everlasting sewing! it wasn't everlasting," growled Jean.

But a month after, there was no more grumbling from Jean or any one, when the news came of Aunt Jane's serious illness. And a fortnight later when word came that the old lady had found another "boarding-place" beyond this world, and it was known that Jean's was the only name mentioned in the will concerning the scrap of fortune, Jean shed not a few tears of sorrow, repentance and joy combined.

"Mammy, you shall go South now!" she exclaimed presently.

"And you can have the shop in the back yard!" added Dick.

"O, Dick, don't!" cried Jean reproachfully.

But it must have come about; for in passing through Reid street the next spring, I saw in a corner of the grass plot back of No. 34, a tiny little box of a building very shiny and new, and just above the door, painted in pretty rustic letters, just big enough for any one to discover who was searching for them, was the sign, "Family Mender and Tinkerer."

So I knew that Jean must be doing what she liked at last.

"LOOKING OVER" MOTHER.

"Going anywhere this vacation, Kate Morgan?"

"No, I thought I would go to the Catskills for a week, and have one good time like folks." You know I never really did go anything just for pleasure, but the stern needs of the coming winter I think will change my plans."

"What's the need?"

"A winter dress."

"You don't mean it. Do you forget that you are a graded school teacher at a salary of $9 a week?"

"I cannot help it. I have earned my money and saved it, and I want one thing that I feel at home in when I am invited to such places as Mrs. Cunningham's, for instance."

"All right, of course."

"Are you going anywhere, Louise?"

"No, I have changed my plan, too."

"What was it?"

"I was invited up to Uncle Edward's farm to spend the summer, and expected to go until I heard Dr. Lane's sermon two weeks ago."

"I did not hear him allude to the fact."

"Not exactly, but do you remember his asking us if we had ever thought what was the very best blessing we ever had, and advising us to go home and 'look over our blessings and give God thanks for them?'"

"I had no difficulty in thinking up my best blessing. It is my good, patient mother, and when I went home and 'looked her over,'" it did not take me long to decide who needed mountain air and fresh milk the most of any one. So the upshot of the matter is, mother goes for three weeks to the farm, and I am your most gracious and successful housekeeper at home. Come and take tea, will you?"

"Perhaps," Kate Morgan answered absently, and the two teachers left the subject and the large school room together.

But the earnest, energetic Kate Morgan took a new thought along the familiar streets. All the school years of her twenty one years of life, had been spent in some connection with that graded school in the busy manufacturing town of Benton. The year before she had been graduated with honor from the high school, and was at once offered a situation in the intermediate department, that she had filled to the satisfaction of all, and her own great enjoyment.

For so many years she had known what close economies were necessary in her plain home, that the younger children might be clothed decently and that she might complete the school course. She had been the paper carrier, and her quarterly salary as a clerk, and sigh over its meagreness again and again. She had seen the lines in her mother's patient face deepen over the problems of turned garments and doing without things. No wonder her salary had seemed to her almost a fortune, and its possibilities a little intoxicating. She was tasting, too, and pretty, with musical gifts that made her welcome everywhere. But she was a "child of the kingdom," too, and every day prayed "Search me, O God, of thyself," and to search the Spirit of Master.

It was late when she reached home, and she was still busy in "looking over" mother, and thinking that she had never seen her so pale and thin, when her fate was entered with a sigh over the warm day, and sank down into his chair quite exhausted. His daughter wondered that she had not noticed before how fast he was growing old. The pretty young children came in and sat down to the plain supper. Kate wished now that she had bought a quart of berries in the morning, instead of his fashion magazine, when she saw how the sickly boy left his bread uneaten. Willie was thirteen, Herbert ten and little Alice five years of age. Three others were waiting up in "God's acre" on the hill.

The tea was over, and while Kate went through a rapid calculation, and with pencil and paper laid the result plainly before her eyes, after this fashion:

Kate Morgan,	Dr.
To 12 yds. black velvet at $4 per yd.	$48 00
To trimming and making,	10 00
Money lost,	$58.00
Kate Morgan,	Cr.
Cash on hand, (saved)	$58.00

But it kept her awake that night, and it was several days before her busy brain gave her even a beginning of things, and how it should be saved. But each day she prayed, "Teach me, O God, of Thee, in this, as all things."

One morning at breakfast, she asked:

"Father, when do you have your vacation this year?"

"The second and third weeks of August," was the reply, 'but I shall probably straighten up Jay's books for him in the time—a little extra pay."

That afternoon found Kate walking up to the door of Deacon Hollis' pleasant farm house. She found the deacon and his wife sitting in their shady porch, and met a hearty welcome. Their own three daughters were settled in homes of their own, and the kind old people enjoyed a call from Kate and her singing, greatly. She had to give them "Rock of Ages" now at soon as she recovered breath. Was some time before she could get to business. Then she asked:

"Deacon Hollis, have you disposed of your two seated rockaway yet?"

"No."

"You don't use it?"

"Not often. Wife and I have agreed to ride on the same seat, so the little carriage answers us."

Then Kate's plan came out. She wanted to hire the deacon's staid horse, Roxy, and the roomy rockaway, and take her father and mother, and the children with herself, for a ride of ten days, or so, out in the country.

"But where are you going?" asked Mrs. Hollis, whose kind heart was interested at once. "Your mother does look real peaked," she said.

"My plan is to go up to Lake George, see that, and spend one night there with friends that have visited us two or three times. Then drive thirty-five miles further, in among the mountains, on a stage road, lives an old aunt and uncle of father's who write us about once a year, and always urge us very kindly to come and visit them. Now is that too far?

The deacon reckoned the miles and said:

"Roxy could easily do it in four days, and three back," he added, "she's a master-ful hand to know when her head is turned homewards."

It was all settled at last. The deacon liked to put a generous bill in the collection for foreign missions, and he liked a good bargain right well, and it did come a little hard to offer Roxy and the rockaway for "a dollar a day and her keep," but generously compelled and he never regretted it.

That evening Kate unfolded her plan at home. Of the surprise, the objections, the slow, because fearful, assent of the stay at home elders, and the delight of the children we need not stop to speak.

Suffice it, that the second week in August proved as bright and bland as could be desired, and at half past five Roxy and the rockaway were in waiting at the door of the Morgan home. Then it took the family just one hour to pack in the belongings necessary for the trip. Not the clothes—each had one good suit, and besides that carried one poorer to wear in the woods. But there was a small boiled ham, and three loaves of wheat bread, and a pail not neglected, and the days were all too short for her plans.

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But a month after, there was no more

Choice Miscellany.

How to Succeed.

A gentleman who is a prosperous merchant, in conversation with a representative of the *Economist*, said that his life was changed by a simple performance of duty.

"I was clerk behind the counter of a large retail store in Boston, at a small salary. I had been out of work for some time, and when I secured the position in Boston, I was thankful, made a mental promise that I would perform my duties thoroughly. I had been working two days with poor success; trade had been quiet, and it was difficult to get any customers. I felt somewhat downhearted because my counter had been idle for some time. A customer making his appearance, I tried my utmost to effect a sale, but do what I might, I could not please the man. Everything was either too light or too dark, and if the color was selected for his satisfaction, the quality was not what he desired. I have a quick temper, and at times during the transaction I felt that I could strangle the customer, but I quickly curbed my temper, and went at him tooth and nail. I felt that my reputation as a salesman was at stake, and if was a question of conquer or be conquered. At last I made the sale, and with it came a great satisfaction; but I was not done with the man yet. I wanted to sell him more. He said something about sending his wife around to look at some dress goods. I promised to send some samples of new patterns, as they arrived. The customer thanked me and said:

"It has taken you a long time to sell me a few goods. Are all your customers as hard to please as I?"

"It takes some customers but a short time to make their selections, while others wish to go slower; we are bound to please them all," I answered.

"Does the store house to devote so much time to so small a sale?" he inquired again.

"Yes," I replied. "I have taken pains to see you want you want, and know you will find the goods as I say. You will have confidence and come again, and the next time it will not take so long."

"After getting his package he walked out of the store. In three days I mailed samples of the new dress goods to his wife, and the circumstances passed entirely out of my mind. In about a month I was surprised to see the same customer and received a slight advance in wages. Much to my astonishment I was taken away from this department after only a month or six weeks' trial, and placed in another position. I could not believe that I was not giving satisfaction, because with each change an increase of wages was made. One morning I was informed that Mr. B. wished to see me. I went to the office with surprise and some fear. I was more surprised when I saw sitting beside my employer my customer of a few months back. He proved to be the money partner of the concern, whose other business interests kept him away from the dry goods store almost entirely, and he was known to but few of his employés, although he knew that I was a new man as soon as he saw me, and thought to see what metal I was made of. That he was satisfied is proved by his making me a buyer of the several departments where I sold goods. My prosperity began with this rough customer, and now I thank goodness that I got him, and that I did not show any disposition to strangle him."

Don't Use Slang.

This "sermonette" is especially for you, dear girls. The advice could be put in three words—Don't do it. Possibly there might come an occasion—say once in a lifetime—when a good, round bit of the genuine article "slang" would prove funny. But to hear vulgar words used by a gentle girl is almost invariably shocking. I remember passing two girls in the street, and hearing one of them say: "I'll bet you a penny so I do." It gave me a shiver. And when a group of schoolgirls fill their conversation—as, alas! they often do—with one slang phrase after another, the effect on an outsider is positively unpleasant. The habit of talking slang grows rapidly. It is like reporting a bit of scandal. Have you ever noticed if you say an unkind word against a neighbor how quickly it comes another to say another? And with just that same apalling ease a habit of using careless, coarse words increases. Weeds grow rapidly. There is plenty of good strong English to give expression to wit, drollery, indignation or sympathy, without recourse to the phrases which belong to horse-jockeys, gamblers, tipplers and vagabonds. The street boy picking up slang as he does the ends of old cigars from the gutter. Surely a well-bred girl is not on the same level in her speech and manner. Why should she use vulgar words any more than she would stain her hands? There ought to be something akin to flowers in a fresh young girl. She need not be prudish or priggish. No one wishes her to say "prunes and prisms" to coax her lips into the proper curves. But refined and dainty in speech as well as in dress she surely ought to be. Won't you please think about it for five minutes, and see if you do not agree with me?

Very few people understand the extent and value of the great oil-pipe lines that bring the product of the petroleum wells to the great refining and transporting centers. One who is interested says:

"I wish I could learn who the writer is. It is one of the most touching appeals I have ever seen. Evidently she is an orphan, for she speaks of a Mrs Clarke, and she must be a sufferer, for she speaks of her arm hurting her so. The little thing she been pining for her mother, and perhaps some one has told her to write, or maybe it has been an inspiration of her own—quite likely. It would seem that there ought to be some reply to that. It certainly is very touching."

Perhaps the prayer of the little sufferer may be answered, that the mother may "who this to God," and send for her, and the mother's arms close around her once more for all eternity.

Lincoln in the Hospital.

In a recent conversation with a Union soldier, a correspondent heard a fresh story about the late President Lincoln. As near as possible, our friend tells it in the soldier's words. He says:

I had been in the Finley hospital several months, said the soldier. One day in May, 1863, President Lincoln and Secretary Chase walked into the ward where I was lying. You don't know how much good it did us to see them, one gets so tired looking at the nurse and at all the long row of cots. It is hard to lie on a cot day after day and hear the boys moan, as their life ebbs away. Some morning you wake up and see an empty cot near you.

"Number six is gone!" you say to the nurse.

"Yes; he went at three this morning, poor fellow! but it's better for him," she answers in a sympathizing voice.

Mr. Lincoln, before, took solid comfort in looking at Lincoln's face that afternoon, and in hearing him talk. He didn't say much to me that day, but it was good to hear him say anything. His words were so gentle and kind. And then he was as thoughtful as a mother; he knew just what to say.

I have been sick. Yes: that sleeve's empty. I left the arm at Chatanooga. As I was saying, he only spoke a few words to me, and passed on to number twenty-six.

A Vermont boy, a mere lad not over sixteen was on it. He had been wounded mortally, and was near his end. Mr. Lincoln stopped at the cot, and taking the thin, white hand, said, in a tone that was as tender as a mother's:

"My poor boy, what can I do for you?"

With a beseeching look, the little fellow turned his eyes up to the homely, kindly face, and asked, "Won't you write to my mother for me?"

"That I will," answered the President; and, calling for pen, ink and paper, he seated himself by the side of the cot. It was a long letter he wrote—at least three pages of commercial note; and when it was finished the president arose, saying:

"I will mail this as soon as I get back to my office. Now is there anything else I can do for you?"

In some way the boy had come to know that it was the President. And so, looking at him in the most appealing sort of way, he asked:

"Won't you stay with me till it's all over? It won't be long; and I do want to hold on to your hand!"

That was too much for the great-hearted President to resist. The tears came to his eyes, and he sat down by him and took hold of his hand. The little fellow did not move nor speak a word. This was some time before four o'clock, and it was long after six that the end came.

But the President sat there as if he had been the boy's father. When the end came, he bent over and folded the thin hands over the breast, and then looked so sorrowful at the pale, thin face. The tears streamed down his cheeks unheeded. We all cried, too.

Do you wonder that the "boys in blue" loved Abe Lincoln?

Keeping at It.

It is a great mistake to suppose that the best work of the world is done by people of great strength and great opportunities. It is unquestionably an advantage to have both these things, but neither of them is a necessity to the man who has the spirit and the pluck to achieve great results. Some of the greatest work of our time has been done by men of feebleness. No man has left a more distinct impression of himself on his generation than Charles Darwin, and there have been few men who have had to struggle against such prostrating ill health.

Darwin was rarely able to work long at a time. He accomplished his great work by having a single aim, and putting every ounce of his force and every hour of his time into that work. He had set before him. He never scattered his energy, he never wasted an hour, and by steadily keeping at it, in spite of continual ill health and long intervals of semi-invalidism, he did a great work, and left the impression upon the world of a man of extraordinary energy and working capacity.

Success is rarely a matter of accident; there is always a reason for it, and the reason that so many men fail is that so few are willing to pay the price of self-denial and hard work which success enacts.

Good Advice from Charles Dickens.

Charles Dickens has not usually been ranked among earnest Christians, but the following extract from a letter addressed to his two sons shows that he had a true conception of life. The letter was written as one of the sons was leaving home for Cambridge and the other was about starting for Australia: "You will remember that you have never yet been wearied about your religious observances or mere formalities. You will therefore understand the better that I now most solemnly impress upon you the truth and beauty of the Christian religion as it comes from Christ Himself, and the impossibility of your going far wrong if you humbly but heartily respect it. Similarly I impress upon you the habit of saying a Christian prayer night and morning. These things have stood by me through my life, and remember that I tried to render the New Testament intelligible to you and lovable to you when you were a mere baby. And so God bless you. Ever your affectionate father. Charles Dickens."

Wit, Humor and Pleasantries.

"Where are you going my pretty little maid? he softly inquired.

"Should the weather indications continue of an auspicious character, my intended destination is yonder inclosure, where my unwavering determination is to extract such an amount of lacteal fluid from the distended udder of the gently articulating kine as may be deemed necessary and advisable," calmly replied the rustic girl, who had worked for two weeks in a Boston family.

And she passed on her way, leaving a gibbering idiot of growing on the ground where lately had stood the dandiest drummer in New York.

"I lost some fine chicks last night, Uncle Remus."

"Did you, sonny, fo' fac'?

"Wis, sah, and I'se gwine to offer a reward for—"

"For de chickens, sonny, I—"

"No, sah; for de arrest of de thief."

"Well, sah, I jess tells yo' dat you'll nebber, nebber get no reply—I knows, sah; I knows."

Classicus—"Wasn't it a strange habit the ancients had of calling disagreeable things by pleasant names?"

Modernus—"The French and Spaniards had it also. The one called the guillotine the Maiden and the other an instrument for torture and execution the Virgin."

Classicus—"Then, seeing we have so many precedents we are doubly bound to call our instrument for execution by electricity the Lover."

Modernus—"Why doubly bound?"

Classicus—"Because it sparks its victims to death."

"I'm glad salvation's free," sang good Deacon Cantwell.

Mrs. Cantwell—Oh, deacon, I'm so glad I've found you. I wanted to see if you would give something toward a purse we are making up for Widow Cruse. She has lost another of her children, and she's very poor."

Deacon Cantwell—"Let her go to work, then. People don't get something for nothing in this world."

Lil—"Lou I were you I would not taste that catsup Mrs. Linkeye sent around. She dislikes you, and she might be tempted to—to—"

Lou—(horrified) "To what? To poison it?"

Lil (impressively) "My dear, the woman is jealous, and—well—I think you'd be wiser not to touch it. Give it to father and the boys."

Emerson Waldo (of Boston)—"I do despise petty personal remarks. There are so many lofty and elevating subjects on which cultured minds may converse—literature, art, science and the broad field of metaphysics. Don't you agree with me, Miss Platte?"

Miss Platte (of Omaha.)—"You bet I do, Mrs. Waldo. But do look at Mrs. Baker over there; she walks as if she had some corns."

A remarkable scene is reported at the Christian Alliance Convention at Old Orchard, Saturday, and one which severely taxes the credulity of common sense people. When 200 persons, of all ages and conditions of health, present themselves for the healing ceremony, which consists simply of the application of a few drops of oil to the forehead, the laying on of hands and a word of prayer by the leader, or one of his assistants, the days of superstition are by no means over. At the testimony meeting, which lasted four hours, different persons claimed to have been healed by faith of typhoid pneumonia, and other lung troubles, cancers, tumors, poor eyesight, paralysis, etc. Mrs. E. S. Trott of Bath, said she had been healed of severe burns. I have one sister and one brother. Their names are Millie E., and Ira W. I can play on the organ, some. I guess I will close by sending some conundrums: "When is a sailor not a sailor?" "When is a door not a door?"

No. Sedgwick.

I am a little girl nine years old. I have never written for the *Farmer*, and so I thought I would now and then. I haven't any brothers or sisters. For pets I have two kittens, their names are Tige and Turk, and two sheep and a lamb, their names are Daisy and Snowball. I went to school nine weeks, and had a very nice teacher, her name is Miss Bessie Williams. I went and got some pond lilies to-day. I should like to have some of the little girls or boys write to me, if I write first. I will close now. Good-bye,

East Holden. GERTIE E. ROWE.

Dear Friends: It has been a long time since I have written to your column, but I have read with delight the many letters and stories in the dear old *Farmer*, nevertheless. I was a splendid story, like all that Cora Buzzell Millay writes. The last of September I will have an old fashioned husking at that will be the time when we gather our corn, and of course I will invite you all to it. Cora Buzzell Millay is to be invited, too. Guess I wouldn't slight her. You can come about 7 o'clock in the evening, and we will go to the barn and husk corn until we get tired, then we will go into the dining room and have an old fashioned supper, with lots and lots of pumpkin pies; I am sure Cora Buzzell Millay likes pumpkin pies!) then we will go into the parlor, and have some music on the piano, play games, tell riddles, read stories, roast roast nuts, and, in fact, if you all like them, and have some apples, molasses candy, and pop corn. Well, I must stop, now, so not to crowd the others out. Next time, I'll sign my real name, but for the present, I'll remain,

Fourteen years old.

Dear Girls and Boys: I thought I would write a few lines for the *Farmer*. I like to read the young folks' column very much. I read "Jack" and thought it very nice. We have got a calf, his name is Jerry. My sister takes about all the care of him. As all the girls tell what they can do, I will. I can wash dishes, sweep the floor, and knit both with the stump, and wash floors. I go plumming quite a lot. I am going to-morrow. I am taking music lessons now. My teacher's name is Annie Laura Allen. She is a very good teacher. I like her very much. My school commences two weeks from to-morrow. Well, I guess I will close by sending a riddle: "Throw up a ripe pumpkin, and what will come down?"

MILDRED ETHEL DURGAIN.

No. Sedgwick.

Dear Boys and Girls: I like to read the young folks' column very much, and I have been thinking I would write for some time. My father has taken the *Maine Farmer* for twenty-two years. I live on a farm. We keep lots of horses and I ride horse-back some, I enjoy it very much. I like to work in the field with my father and brothers, and I like to do housework. I do all of my own sewing, and am learning to cut my dresses. My fall term of school commences in September. I would like to correspond with some of the young folks, if they will write first. My address is,

Kingfield. ADDIE A. STANLEY.

Dear Girls and Boys: I thought I would write for the *Farmer*. I never have, before. I was nine years old last June. For pets, I have a calf, his name is Jack, and a cat, her name is Snowdrop. We have five horses, their names are Tige, Clytie, Dick, Diamond, and Kitty Cly. I go to school when it keeps. My teacher's name is Sadie L. Horton. I like her very much. I have one sister and one brother. Their names are Millie E., and Ira W. I can play on the organ, some. I guess I will close by sending some conundrums: "When is a sailor not a sailor?" "When is a door not a door?"

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